

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## The Independence of Cuba.

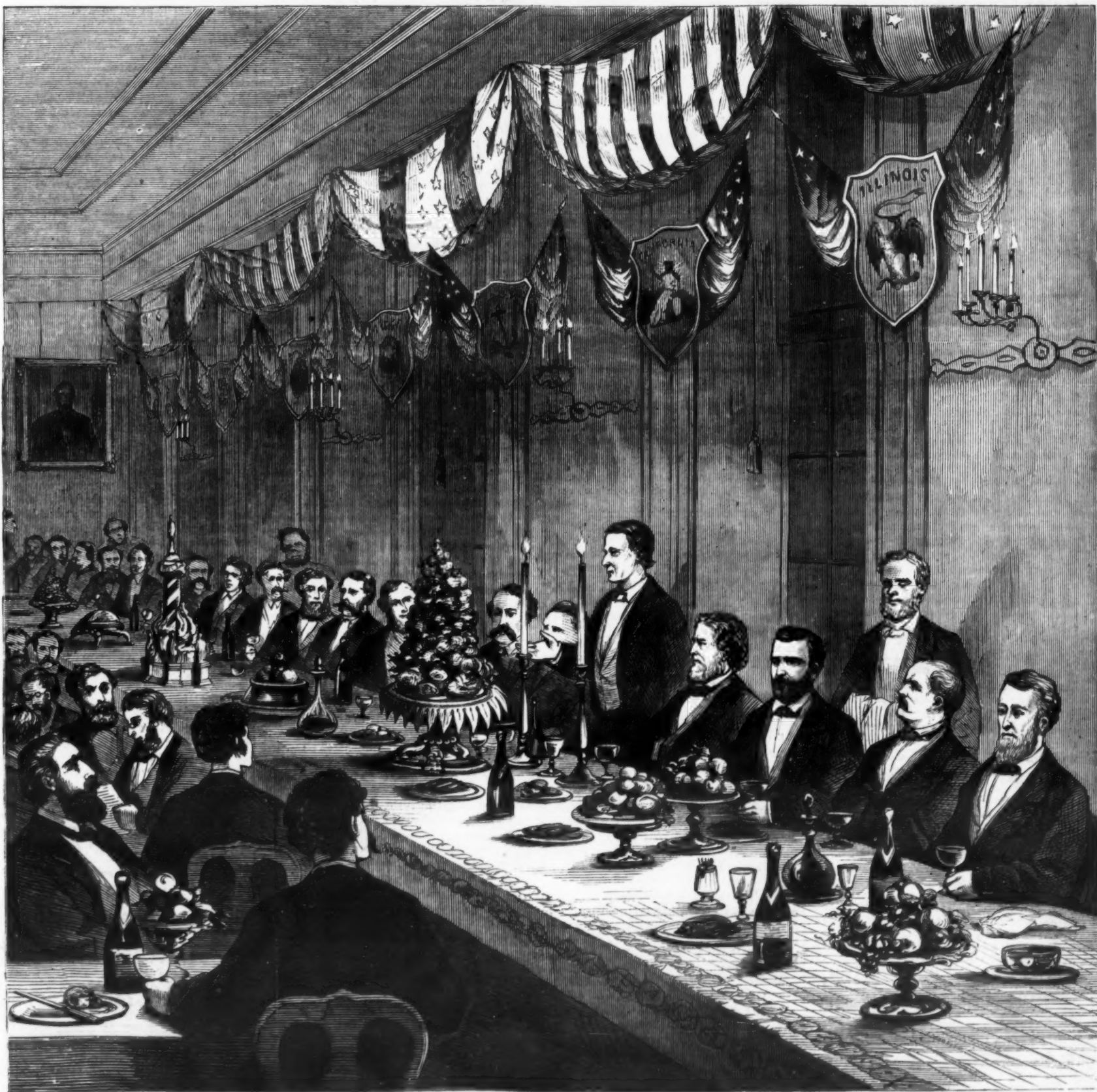
THERE is no longer any doubt of the existence of a formidable revolutionary movement in the eastern part of the Island of Cuba, which commands a deep if not open sympathy in every other part of the island, and in Havana itself, where, it seems, there is a revolutionary committee, which carries on an extensive correspondence, prints circulars, issues addresses, and purchases arms. The avowed object of

the revolutionists is independence of Spain; an object cherished long before the recent Liberal revolution in that country took place, and in no way arising out of it; an object based upon the conviction that a state of colonial dependence is no longer profitable, or for any considerable period possible. No amelioration of the political condition of the island, it is contended, can meet its general requirements, which can only be understood by the native residents, who have few relationships

and little interest in the mother country. The speedy extinction of slavery, it is said, is looked upon by the planters themselves as a necessary and inevitable, not to say speedy consequence of its abolition in the United States, and they are prepared to accept the result. Not, however, without knowing the probable financial and other complications and consequences of the act, but with an equally clear knowledge that those consequences can only be met, and the safety and

prosperity of the island preserved, by other relationships than those with Spain afford.

With the abolition of slavery, already decreed by the Peninsular Government, the industry of the island will be revolutionized, and capital and labor take new directions. The old Spanish system of administration will no longer be possible, and the island must look abroad for new means of developing her resources. It will look in vain to Spain, which will now require all her means to meet the ex-



THE BANQUET AT THE ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 17TH, GIVEN BY THE MEMBERS OF THE METROPOLITAN BAR IN HONOR OF WILLIAM M. EVARTS, ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.—SEE PAGE 179.



agencies of her new position, and bring the Peninsula up from the Slough of Despond to which Bourbonism consigned it, and enter with some prospect of success in the career of European development and progress.

Under these circumstances, Cuba can look to only one solution of her difficulties, and to the single source whence prosperity, the result of capital, enterprise, and industry, is possible, and that is to the United States. As a member of this confederacy, every foot of her soil would be quadrupled in value. The cost of the necessities of life within her borders would be reduced one-half, and the waste of supporting fifty thousand foreign idlers, soldiers, and other employes, mostly needy, grasping and unscrupulous, would be saved.

Speaking in round numbers, Cuba has a population of a million and a quarter. And although not one-tenth of her soil is under cultivation, she produces more sugar and tobacco than any other equal portion of the globe, and of better quality. But she buys most of her food—even her onions and cabbages are brought from abroad. As observed by a contemporary, "that food would naturally be drawn from the United States; but enormous discriminating duties constrain its importation from Spain. Well: Spain has had a scanty harvest this year, and has no food to spare: what now? The food is exported from the United States to Spain, and thence re-exported to Cuba, which receives it charged with the cost, and damaged by the heat and sweat of two voyages across the Atlantic."

Thirty odd millions of dollars are taxed out of Cuba by Spain, two-thirds of which go into, or rather have hitherto gone into the pockets of pimps, parvenus, or protégés of the Queen, the other third into the Spanish Treasury, while none has ever been returned to the island. Now, we literally groan under our taxation, which is unhappily necessarily heavy, but our rate of taxation, direct and indirect, is not one-third proportionally with that to which the Cubans have had to submit. Were we taxed in the same proportion, we should raise more than \$900,000,000 per annum.

These are real grievances which the new Government of Spain may desire and even undertake to remedy, but ameliorations do not meet the question or difficulty that underlies the whole matter. The fact is, that Cuba has no natural, necessary, or possibly profitable relation with the mother country. She sells to and buys from—or would do so if trade were allowed to take its natural course—any other country more than she sells to or buys from Spain. And notably with the United States, her neighbor, and to which she gravitates from proximity as well as sympathy and interest.

We profoundly regret that regenerated Spain is so blinded by traditions and pride, as not to look upon the position of Cuba with a prescient and philosophic eye. We regret that her soldier-statesmen, who have hitherto shown so much moderation and good sense, have failed to see that Cuba can never be held to the side of the mother country by force. They have sent, it is said, five thousand men and a fleet to the Cuban shores, to maintain an unnatural and unsatisfactory connection. Now, this is either too much or too little. Enough to arouse the antagonism of Cuba, not enough to compel its submission. They should rather have submitted the question of maintaining the connection to the vote of the Cuban people, and if it pronounced for separation, have taken the position of first friend of the new State, and obtained from it those advantages of trade and commerce that in its gratitude it would not deny. Such a course would have harmonized with the principles they so loudly avow in Madrid, and with the beneficent measures they have inaugurated at home. This error may yet be remedied in part, but, nevertheless, there is no event in the near future more certain to occur than the independence of Cuba. *Deus vult.*

A MAP, or rather, a set of three maps, said to have been prepared by the Emperor, has been published in Paris. They show the frontiers of France at three periods, and are intended to prove that she is stronger than ever, having gained Savoy and Nice, and helped to divide Austria from Prussia. Formerly France was threatened by the Germanic Confederation; now the strongest State on her borders is Prussia, with only 30,000,000 of people, whereas France, including Algeria, has 40,000,000. If a block of iron ore is more dangerous than a rapier in an enemy's hand, that argument is correct; and if the Emperor thinks so, why should he be confuted? When "France is satisfied Europe is tranquil," and the Emperor is France.

The London Spectator thinks that the Spanish Revolution interrupted the greatest plot the world has lately seen, and postponed a war which would have directly involved every nation in Europe except Great Britain. At the eleventh hour a link in the chain snapped, but the world is too busy believing that it cannot be recolored. Italy may be held in check by other means than Spain, and the Revolution itself has given Napoleon one more reason for action.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

### Preliminary Notice.

With the advent of the new year we shall commence the publication of a new journal, to be entitled,

### "THE NEW WORLD."

We intend making our new paper a model of its kind, founded upon our long experience of what the public require.

More extended notices of the design of our new journal will be given in future advertisements.

### Revolution in the Art of Defense—The Moncrieff System.

A GREAT, yet very simple discovery in the art of defense in war has recently been made in England—so simple as to be easily understood by the narrowest intelligence, and yet probably the most efficient in practice of any yet known. The simplest and most primitive form of defense is undoubtedly a parapet of earth, or sand, or natural materials. Given such a parapet, the question arises, how shall it be applied to the protection of men and guns? In the case of riflemen there is no difficulty. The soldier remains behind the parapet until he has loaded his rifle and is ready to fire, when he rises up, discharges his piece, exposing himself for a moment, and at once re-enters behind the parapet again. This is simple enough, and this is the natural order of defense. The parapet is a fixed shield, from behind which the defender appears only momentarily to strike his blow, exposing himself as little as possible. In the case of a gun, however, the problem is less easy of solution. It has not hitherto been found practicable to raise and lower guns weighing many hundredweights or tons as handily and readily as rifles. So the guns have been fixed in position to fire either through the parapet or over it. The first of these systems gives us the Embrasure; the second gives us the Barbette battery—each with its objections and its advantages. The

embrasure obviously constitutes in itself an unprotected point. It is a breach in the continuity of defense, affording a good mark for the enemy's fire, and furnishing a ready means of entrance for shot and shell. But this is not all. The embrasure necessarily restricts greatly the lateral range of the guns, which can only deliver their fire within the angle defined by the splay of its sides. Again, an embrasure is easily destroyed. The breach already commenced is greatly widened by a few well-directed hostile projectiles; even the concussive effects of its own gun, and the gradual deterioration due to rain and weather, in time accomplish what the enemy may fail to achieve. To meet this last class of objections, and in view of the increasing range, accuracy, and power of rifled ordnance, it has become necessary of late years to supplement the weakness of the primitive earth opening, or the modified weakness of the revetted embrasure, with a shield of some sort. And in an iron age, iron shields naturally presented themselves as a most efficient means of defense. Thus the famous British Gibraltar and Millwall Shields, for example, were designed to close the embrasure, leaving only an opening for the gun to fire through. This, the latest and best form of embrasure, remains, however, an embrasure still—an iron instead of an earthen one.

The Barbette system consists in raising the gun permanently above the parapet over which it is to fire. By this arrangement the characteristic disadvantages of the embrasure are got rid of. The guns have free lateral play, the parapet is unbroken, and the infantry men behind it securely protected. But these advantages are obtained at the expense of the gun and the men who have to serve it; for the guns and gunners are scarcely protected at all. Raised above the parapet, they furnish fair marks for the enemy. And so accurate is the fire of modern ordnance and small arms, that practical men have long since deemed that the days of barbette batteries are past. If any one desires the enlightenment of actual experience on this point, he has but to read Colonel Von Schellha's "Treatise on Coast Defense," where he will find, among the deductions from the experience acquired in our civil war, one to the effect that barbette batteries are now-a-days not tenable.

Thus, we were left with a choice between two evils; on the one hand, the fettered fire of the embrasure, with its imperfect protection; on the other, the almost total absence of protection afforded by the barbette system. A third plan, it is true, has found some favor, a plan which combines many of the advantages of both the barbette and embrasure—the plan, that is, of revolving cupolas or turrets. By this system free lateral range is obtained and excellent protection. But the cupola has its disadvantages too, the chief one being its enormous cost. Added to this, it is not absolutely invulnerable; the porthole, however small, is an embrasure, after all, and thus presents a point, however limited, of attack; and, finally, it is not a pleasant thing to have to fight your gun in a close box, the mechanism of which may get out of order, and either cripple or helplessly expose you.

It is precisely at this point that a Captain Moncrieff, an English engineer, steps in and strikes through the mass of difficulties by treating his gun exactly as if it were a rifle. He goes back to the primitive system of defense, and asks for a simple earth parapet only, by means of which he promises to afford us an almost perfect protection. And this is how he accomplishes his object. He mounts his gun on a small carriage, which rests upon a pair of curved iron elevators or rockers. Under the fore part of these rockers he places a counterweight, slightly in excess of the weight of the gun. We will for the moment suppose the gun to be loaded and ready to fire. It is now in barbette, the counterweight being at the bottom of the system, the gun at the top and looking over the parapet. The weight being heavier than the gun, the system remains in this position until the gun is fired, when the force of recoil disturbs the equilibrium, recoils the gun backward upon its elevators, and raises the counterweight. By this act of recoil the gun becomes lowered behind the parapet, and being here held by a simple mechanical contrivance, it is ready for loading, gun, carriage, counterweight, and elevators being completely hidden from the enemy. It is the rifle over again. Up to fire; down to load. When the loading is accomplished the catch is released, the superior weight of the counterweight brings it down and raises the gun into the firing position, whence, after delivering its fire, it again retents.

Next to the bold but simple conception of treating a huge gun as though it were a rifle, what is most to be admired is the ingenious way in which this conception has been carried out. The end is accomplished without having resort to any new force or elaborate mechanical contrivance. All that is done is to utilize a force which had hitherto been not only useless, but absolutely hurtful. The force of recoil has always been a great bugbear with artillerymen. It has been a destructive, trou-

blesome force, to be got rid of somehow—to be absorbed by great weight in the gun, by great strength in the carriage, and by stout pivots, and racers, and platforms. But always it has been an agent potent for evil, not for good—one of which artillerymen would gladly be quit. This force Captain Moncrieff has converted into a useful ally, and coaxed into doing invaluable service. He makes it the muscle of his system. It carries down the gun after firing; and, stored up in the counterweight, it raises the gun after loading. No expression better describes what Captain Moncrieff has done than one which he himself used in a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution. He said that he "set one elephant to tame another." There is something exceedingly beautiful and philosophical in this contrivance; and none the less credit is due to Captain Moncrieff, because it seems, now that it has been accomplished, almost self-evident. The system has been thoroughly tested with a gun and apparatus weighing twenty-two tons, and with perfect success.

The gun has shot accurately; the carriage has worked smoothly; it has proved rapid in operation and surprisingly easy to work; so easy, indeed, that on one occasion a detachment of three men worked the gun and fired five rounds at a moving object with fair rapidity. With larger detachments (ten men and a non-commissioned officer) and a little more experience, a rate of fire of one shot in a minute and three seconds has been attained. The carriage has been covered with sand and dirt, and has still worked satisfactorily. The reflecting sight, by means of which the gun can be sighted without exposing a single man, has answered well.

Even to glance at the many applications of the system and its remarkable advantages would furnish matter for a separate article. But we must notice as briefly as possible the main advantages which will accrue from its adoption. In the first place, the protection which it affords seems all that is to be desired, and very much more than until lately appeared to be attainable. Not a man need be exposed, and the gun itself only appears above the parapet for the few moments necessary to enable it to be laid and deliver its fire. The parapet may be as thick as is thought necessary, and that most efficient of all materials, earth, can be employed. A thick earth parapet may, indeed, be made practically indestructible. We had tolerable evidence of this in the case of the parapets which formed the landward defenses of Sebastopol. The gun derives also incidental protection, from the fact that as it only appears for a moment and leaves no trace of its whereabouts, nothing remains for an enemy to fire at. But Captain Moncrieff proposes to use, on occasion, no parapet at all. He proposes to place his guns in "gun-pits," thus making the natural surface of the ground his parapet. In these cases there is absolutely nothing for an enemy to destroy.

When a parapet is used it becomes possible to mount the guns on a traveling carriage on rails, and so to run it along from one part of the work to another. And the uncertain, momentary appearance of a gun over a parapet would be scarcely less embarrassing to an enemy than its sudden and unexpected appearance out of the ground where no defenses are known to exist. The absence of any horizontal strain due to recoil removes the necessity for expensive solid foundations for the platform, in addition to rendering practicable that application of a carriage on rails of which we have spoken. In point of economy the system presents immense advantages; costly iron shields or still costlier cupolas will in certain positions be no longer needed. And owing to the command and free lateral range of guns mounted in this way, one "Moncrieff" gun would be equal to at least three firing through embrasures. When gun-pits are used, it would be unnecessary to make them before the actual occasion arose, and thus the plan of a great part of our fortifications would be kept secret, and all the expenses of repair avoided. All that would be necessary would be to decide where guns should be placed in case of need, and to keep a supply of these carriages ready against an emergency.

The invention promises to effect a considerable and economical revolution in the science of defense—economical, whether we consider it in regard to the nature of the parapet, the number of guns required, the cost of the defensive and mechanical appliances, and the saving of life; while it must add greatly to the efficiency of the defense, and give it an advantage over the attack which, to a defensive power like the United States, can hardly be exaggerated.

Our friends in Dixie are not so badly off, we fancy, as some of them pretend. If they do not produce as much as they once did, they get more for what they do produce. The Atlanta Constitution, if we mistake not, one of the papers that used to "fire the Southern heart," says, in a recent number: "From the impoverished state of the South at the close of the war, she is rapidly rebounding into prosperity." It adds: "The pro-



sent cotton crop of the South is estimated in value at \$250,000,000. We presume the most accurate statisticians would not place it at a less figure than this. \* \* \* Labor is becoming more and more reliable, and therefore, if anything, tending to a cheaper rate. There are but two channels in which it can find profitable investment—manufactures and internal improvements. These are highly necessary to our future greatness. With these, Georgia and the South will be truly independent of the outside world. The lowest estimate of Georgia's portion of the cotton crop is \$30,000,000. Pro-rated equally among the one hundred and thirty-two counties in the State, it would give to each the sum of \$242,000."

The Times tells us that Mr. Street-cleaning Contractor Whiting was last winter the best abused man in the city, and it calls on him to "clear his reputation from the cloud that overshadows it." For our own part, we would prefer that he should clear the streets, as the best way of cleansing his reputation.

The total vote of New York at the recent election was 848,278, of which 419,556 are for Grant, and 428,722 for Seymour; Seymour's majority, 9,166. Hoffman's majority is 27,322. The official vote of New York city is returned as follows: Seymour, 108,316; Grant, 47,702; Hoffman, 112,522; Griawold, 43,372. The total vote of the State in 1864 was 730,721.

There is an exciting discussion going on in a narrow sphere as regards the meaning of Mr. Secretary Seward's speech in Auburn, a day or two before the election. Some say it was a conundrum in five columns. Others put their fingers beside their noses and ejaculate "Bunsby!" but the mass of the American people merely say "Bosh!" and add, "Well, that's the end of him!" We trust the speech is not to be published in the *National Intelligencer* as an advertisement, and afterward put in the 75th Volume of "Diplomatic Correspondence."

Miss BRADDON has returned to her vocation after having vainly essayed a higher style of composition, and published a novel, entitled "Run to Earth," in which the chief incidents are crimes, and the chief male actors are atrocious culprits. The list of crimes recorded in its pages comprises burglary, embezzlement, robbery, seduction, suicide, murder by violence, and murder by secret and subtle administrations of poison. We are probably doing the book an unintentional service by this characterization.

Hon. JOSHUA HILL, Senator-elect from Georgia, speaks thus of General Grant:

"It is sagacity, his prudence, his unrivaled equanimity, his reserve, his uniform kindness, his unaffected simplicity, his anxiety for the restoration of fraternal feeling throughout this great country, his courage and unyielding firmness, his freedom from party bitterness, all unite in stamping him as the appropriate man. He is unfettered by the prejudices of the trained politician, and free from the obligations incurred in party struggles. All the better is that he is fresh from the great scene that developed his unbounded love of country, and tempered it with the sweet courtesies of elevated soldier life."

A GREAT deal of property, municipal and other, is held in England in virtue of nominal and often ridiculous payments and services. Only a few days ago a very curious old ceremony was performed by the authorities of London, in order to retain their city rights over a piece of ground called "The Moor." By solemn proclamation the tenants of this ground were ordered to come forth and do their service. The City Solicitor appeared on behalf of these tenants, and carefully cut up one fagot with a hatchet, and another with a billhook. The tenants of a place called "The Forge" were then summoned, and again the City Solicitor appeared, and this time counted six horseshoes and sixty-one nails in the presence of a magistrate called the Queen's Remembrancer, who gravely responded "Good number." These ceremonies seem very absurd; but if one of them were omitted the tenants and the city would lose their rights to the grounds once called "The Moor" and "The Forge," but now of immense value. For example, there was an estate in Finsbury, leased ages ago to the city at a nominal rental, on a lease which could be perpetually renewed. The property brought in about £50,000 a year. Recently the officers of the Corporation of London omitted to give the necessary notices of renewal until the day after they were due. By this informality the entire property went to the Ecclesiastical Commission, and the city loses a large source of revenue. Absurd as the ceremonies may be, therefore, the authorities think it better to cut fagots and count nails once a year than part with any more of their estates.

The annual meteoric shower came off punctually on the night of the 13th of November. From 11:17, on the evening of the 13th, to 6:15 A. M., on the 14th, 2,920 were counted in this city, and 500 from 1:30 to 2:12. A few were visible on the evening of the 15th and early on the morning of the 16th, and probably during the day were flitting across the sky. On the evening of the 13th and morning of the 14th, the sky, at times, was only a little hazy, the moon absent. Between 11 and 12, the meteors moved generally from N. E. to S. W., and when the sign of Leo was three hours above the horizon, they moved mostly downward from Gamma Leonis. The trains of some of them were 110 degrees in length. Meteors of crimson, green, violet, blue, and copper color were abundant; some were too bright to look at, casting deep shadows. Seven bright ones were seen nearly at the same moment. Some beneath the horizon reflected a strong light. Thirty were counted in one minute. They moved in all directions at 2 A. M. The wind was S. W., and the train of one, at 4:45 A. M., was visible for 15 minutes near the pointers of the Great Dragon; the

train did not follow this wind, but slowly moved from South to North in the direction passed over by the rapid meteor. It is calculated that meteors appear at an average of 73 miles from the earth, and disappear after descending 20 miles. Their velocity is estimated at about 84 miles per second.

Mr. CHARLES PEARSON, in the *Contemporary Review* (London), advances the proposition that emigration from Europe to America may cease within twenty, or even within ten years; that this generation may live to see this continent as little used to relieve Europe as Spain or Italy is to relieve Great Britain. The question, he says, is not "When will the land of the Union be all powed up?" but, "When will it be all bought up?" The moment it is all bought up, the grand attraction to emigrants, the power of acquiring land for nothing, or next to nothing, will be at an end, the experience of the settled States showing that the price of land once allotted, rises as in Europe till the mere laborer has very little chance of obtaining any. Twenty millions more settlers added to the population of the Union will, Mr. Pearson thinks, so far consume all the available land, that the exhaustion of the supply will be visible, and land will at once spring up to a price beyond the emigrants' means. And as dear land means cheap labor, we may have presented to us some of the social and economic questions which agitate and embarrass Europe. But the more serious question is that which will be presented to Europe when emigration, that safety-valve, stops, and it finds itself face to face with the problem of a population increasing in numbers without increasing the area of its soil.

#### The Chance of a Theatrical Legal Row.

In spite of the rumors of legal battle over Mr. Bourcicault's last new (?) drama, "After Dark," it has, nevertheless, been brought out at Niblo's, with rough success. Indeed, it was entitled to this, almost apart from what literary merit it might or might not possess, from the reputation of the author as the most ably predaceous dramatist of the day, as well as the admirable manner in which it has been placed upon the stage by Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer.

That it is simply a sensational drama, matters nothing at present, when the stage has been handed over to the carpenter and the scene-painter, and the dramatic persons are more indebted to the stage-tailor and the milliner than they are to their own talents.

We can scarcely see that our own diminutive "Bourcicault"—Mr. Augustin Daly—has any right to complain of any theft by the Londoner, from his New York brain. What Mr. Bourcicault plundered, or is said to have plundered, from him, Mr. Daly had made free with from some anterior dramatic snip. The situation is not original with either of them. Possibly, Mr. Daly's use of it may have been to the full as good as Mr. Bourcicault's, but it was unfortunate for him that it was placed upon the stage in a theatre which did not possess the same advantages in size and means as Niblo's Garden does. If the question comes into the law-courts, some most amusing revelations may be anticipated, as the Londoner knows the entire history of every drama—melodramatic or otherwise—which has been produced for the last thirty years. We should not be surprised to learn that Mr. Daly not only took and adapted scenes, but borrowed his whole drama, as we feel convinced Mr. Bourcicault borrowed the whole of his. The last gentleman has done little that has been original for the past twenty-five years. More than any other dramatist, he has lived upon the brains of other people, and has managed his prolonged existence with an enviable skill. Since the time that he produced "Used Up," to the present day, we can scarcely remember one single work of his which was in any shape novel. French and German dramatic literature, as well as the English play-rights, have supplied him with an excellent plenty of material. Some originalities of construction he may have developed, but the whole of his extraordinary talent has been devoted to stage-machinery, stage-carpentry, and stage-management. Had he really appropriated an original idea of Mr. Daly's, this might have been considered a compliment, and would consequently justify the gentleman in attempting to make it as widely known as possible. In the present instance he is simply annoying Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer, and asserting his own right to the piece of as thorough, if not as talented a re-vamper of old dramatic clothes, as his English prototype.

A short season of Italian opera was commenced on Monday week at the Academy of Music with Madame La Grange, Miss McCulloch, Miss Bates, the con-vincing Brignoli, Signor Orlandini, Herr Hablman, and a tolerably strong company, under the management of Mr. Maretzek. He, of course, gives us nothing new.

"Barbe-Bleue" and "Genevieve de Brabant" gratify the lovers of opera-bouffe at Pike's Opera House and the French Theatre.

After two weeks of "Marie Antoinette" Mrs. Lander gives place to the ever welcome Barney Williams and his sparkling wife at the Broadway.

"The Lancers' Lass" still continues to draw crowds to Wallace's Theatre. It has made a "hit," pecuniarily speaking, for the treasury.

We have "Under the Galleys," by Mr. Daly, revived by the World's Stage, still on the boards at the New York Theatre, with an excellent company.

At Wood's Theatre, "Ixion" still runs successfully.

The unfailing "Humpty Dumpty" continues at the Olympic, and promises to run through the whole of the Christmas holidays. It will probably commence the New Year.

All the other theatres in the city, and their names are legion, continue to draw. Lectures, minstrel's, and concerts are numerous—we had well-nigh said, numberless. Among them we would especially specify the one given for the benefit of the widow of our old friend, Mr. Remick, at Steinway Hall, upon last Saturday. As we believe it was largely profitable, it may be regarded as showing how thoroughly the man was loved and lamented by his personal friends, in addition to the respect and sympathy felt toward the young widow of one of the ablest German journalists this country has ever known.

#### ART GOSSIP.

The seventeenth reception of the Brooklyn Art Association was held in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, November 16th. It is now nearly eight years since the Association was instituted, and it is pleasing to record that success has crowned its efforts for the advancement of art, and that appreciation of its objects and course of action is growing stronger with each succeeding year. Viewed as a *concertation*, the assembly on the occasion referred to was a very brilliant and distinguished one, many names of celebrity in literature, art, and the learned professions, figuring on the list of invited guests. The gallery was more thronged than we remember to have seen it at any previous reception given by the Associa-

tion. Yet there was little or no inconvenience sustained in consequence of the crowd, because the theatre, with all its compartments, was thrown open to the guests, who availed themselves of boxes and parquet whenever the pressure in the picture gallery became excessive. An excellent band was stationed on the stage, giving pleasant variety, with well-selected pieces of music, to the social arrangements of the evening.

As the pictures on view in the gallery were more than two hundred in number, we cannot profess, with the limited space at our command, to notice them in detail.

Two brilliant landscapes, from the pencil of Mr. R. Gignoux, the President of the Association, attracted much attention.

"The Patient Fishboy," by Mr. Beaufain Irving, is a good example of that artist's work.

"An Iroquois Woman," by Mr. Constant Mayer, is a characteristic study of the half-civilized squaw to be seen now and then in our cities.

Mr. G. Perkins contributed a very effective little marine piece—a view of "Little Egg Harbor Bay."

A portrait of Charles Dickens, by Mr. F. T. L. Boyle, will be recognized as a good likeness by all who attended the lectures of the distinguished reader.

Messrs. Bristol, Kneet, Bradford, Baker, Cropsey, De Haas, and other well-known artists, were also contributors to the exhibition, which remained open to the public during the week.

Mr. J. W. Ehninger has just finished a large picture which he entitles, "The Last Load." The scene is a meadow, near the foreground of which there is a group of rustic figures, with a hay-cart heavily loaded, and drawn by a yoke of oxen. A couple of children, seated on the top of the hay, are giving vent to their jubilant feelings in honor of the "Last Load." In the background are ranges of lofty mountains, with peaks of pastoral scenery here and there. This picture will soon be placed on exhibition in some one of the public galleries.

We have lately seen in the studio of Mr. W. O. Stone some very charming portraits of ladies, painted on a smaller scale than usual with that artist. Mr. Stone's vigorous and expressive portrait of the late Governor King, which was so much admired at a recent meeting of the Century Club, is to be placed in the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design.

#### EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Trade in Titles—Princes in Petticoats—Horse-racing in England—European Abuse of Women—One Hundred and Twenty Millions of France, and Who is to Get Them?

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE, October, 1868.

ALTHOUGH their duchies are extinguished in annexation to Prussia, and they do not in many cases even inhabit their old homes, still the dethroned potentates of these petty German States amuse themselves in conferring titles on people ambitious of such things, who will pay for them. We have a notable case last week of a silly Frenchwoman, who was rewarded for her unwearied flattery by Princess — making her a countess. Her husband, in France, is an honest grazier, to whom his exalted wife sent a telegram: "My friend, I am a countess!—ADELE." In response, the good man sent back, "I am a grazier, and shall continue so." I, indeed, in the face of all this nonsense of rank, caste, and titles, we may well question if education and Christianity have accomplished much for European humanity. One meets daily the descendants of freebooters and robber chieftains, who, in their day, by menace, or bribe, or pimping, got from cowardly and dissolute monarchs the titles of barons, counts, princes, and what not, and ever since it has not been becoming for their descendants to live but at the public expense; often illustrating their base blood in crimes and low lives. Last evening a Count de B— was, after only a day's acquaintance with an American lady, seeing to swindle her into buying four hundred pounds worth of stock in a wonderful patent gas-burner. And here is the notable case of Baron de R—, who amuses himself in female attire; attending, and even giving balls and dinner parties, and may be seen on the promenade, at the watering-places, tricked out in the *derniere mode* of Paris fashions. A lady who was present at one of the *soirees* given by the Baron de R— in Paris, expected to meet his sister, whose name appeared on the cards of invitation, and she, with others, inquiring of her, as they supposed, for her brother, were told by the pseudo-lady, "Je suis mon frere!" Such indelicacy and violation of law in common people would bring down upon the guilty parties public contempt and severe punishment at the hands of the officers of justice; but my young sprig of a baron, who is not less than fifty, is smilingly spoken of as funny and peculiar. They monopolize the best places under the government, raising an almost impassable wall against *novi homines*; get nearly all the high commissions in the army, and swagger among the middle and lower classes, very much as did their forefathers when they swooped down, and stealing the crops, cattle, maidens, and all they coveted, would carry them away to their mountain fastnesses. It was for mutual aid and defense that the country people of Europe banded in villages, never living on their farms as in the United States, and one to this day may journey hundreds of miles and never see a solitary house. The iron-wrought castles on every hill-top are no more tenanted, and the humble toiler need no longer fear a rough visit from my lord or baron; yet, in all its intensity, rank and title, and grind the people; and as the people seem to like it, they always will, we think.

And the boasted pre-eminence of England in civilization, as illustrated in the columns of her daily newspapers of largest circulation, which never fail to publish the most minute details of horse-racing! patronized by the aristocracy, and therefore by all inferior classes! Every day in the year, climaxing in the springtime at the great Derby, the whole kingdom is enlightened with telegraphic reports of the previous day's horse-racing; of the pedigree and appearance of the horses; of the jockeys who ride them, and of their owners, and of the betting, and sums won and lost. Every day in the year the Christianized English public read with avidity columns of these particulars, and then turns with pity or contempt to the unenlightened heathen, who, if he submits not to the means employed for his conversion, is persecuted and subjugated. Horse-racing is as deeply fixed in the English nation as Sun-worship in the Indies, and to the mind of a philosopher it must appear equally barbarous, but not of the same harmless era.

In one thing America may well lay claim to superiority over all peoples: to wit, the treatment of women. Nothing so astonishing and shocking the American traveler, on his first visit to Europe or Asia, as the degradation of the sex, which in his own country is, as it is to make atonement for the injurious use of the rest of the world, often elevated into undue dignity and importance. I know a woman now in England who was led to the marketplace by her brute cobbler husband, with a rope round her neck, and sold for four pounds and a gallon of beer. She has made a faithful and worthy companion to her buyer, though never married to him. But on the Continent one sees, especially in France and Germany, the most painful spectacles of the hardship of woman's life. As a rule, they do nearly all the manual toil of agriculture; hoeing, harvesting, glean-

ing, and spreading the manure, while the lazy, pipe-smoking husband, at the most, holds the plow or drives the horses. It is a common sight, that of a woman harnessed with a mule or a donkey, drawing the wagon or implements of agriculture, and brown as leather, furrowed and wrinkled even when young. One may well say that slavery in the Southern States was not the only unpaid, thankless bondage in Christendom. If my American countrywoman did but know how blessed is their state, compared with their European sisters', we should hear much less clamor for their "rights."

I come now to tell of an enterprise worthy of the filibustering Walker—at the great export of Hall's; of a theme that could inspire the pen of Hiram Fuller with a hundredfold vigor; which surpasses in strictness the prospectus of an oil company, and holds out more promises than a Virginia gold company. I have seen the documents, conferred truly with the parties, and of the facts there can be no sort of question.

In the month of December, 1823, on the 29th day, Christoval de Lusignan deposited with Metropolitan de Nicomede, the Archbishop of Constantinople, for safe-keeping, the full sum of one hundred and twenty millions of francs, that is to say, money to that amount, in the various coins of European States. There were some millions of roubles, two millions of Spanish ducats, many hundreds of thousands of Reichs dollars, some millions of thalers, and a good lot of French money, and much more, all adding up one hundred and twenty millions of francs. There can be no doubt of it, for I have seen the written statement of the Archbishop Metropolitan in due form, setting forth the particular sums in the several denominations, which he admits to be received by him in trust, subject to the order of Prince Lu-izman, who was a citizen and resident of the Island of Cyprus.

Those were unsettled times in Constantinople, and though Lusignan led a quiet life, and kept well clear of political entanglements, yet, nevertheless, he had the ill luck to be hung in 1821, not one year after he had stored his great wealth with the Archbishop; but not before he had made a testament, all in due form, and witnessed by no less than twenty persons, many of whom are now living, giving all his estate to his son Louis. The will recites the description of the money, copied from the Archbishop's receipt aforesaid, and the testator treated it as it is in the Bank of England, or in the custody of the Bishop of London. Of course the needy Turkish Government lost no time in relieving the Archbishop of his responsibility; and there were jolly times among the Sultan and his Ministers with the hoarded treasures of the Lusignans.

Young Louis had the good luck to get out of Turkey with his head safe on his shoulders, and at various places in Europe has resided since then, and is now in St. Petersburg, with his only son, Prince Michael.

And now to business. Father and son wish to recover their estate, and are willing to pay ransoms for it. The case is simple, the facts are undisputed, and the liability beyond question. The Sultan inherits the debts as well as the revenues of the crown, and the proper pressure brought to bear upon him, the plundered Lusignans shall have their own. *Mais, que faire?* If it was a matter with a reasonable, practical power! Ah, it would be different! But the Sultan has not too much money, and his Ministers are reputed not in haste to send any of it out of Turkey, even in recognition of claims not so ancient as Lusignan's. What to do to recover the money? It is hardly to be expected that a foreign power could be persuaded to threaten to go to war for the collection of a stranger's debt, having in mind the dénouement of Louis Napoleon's little enterprise in Mexico in behalf of the Jockers! The grave question, and I must have counsel with the surviving expatriates before mentioned.

The Banquet at the Astor House, New York City, November 17th, Given by the Members of the Metropolitan Bar, in Honor of Attorney General Wm. M. Evarts.

A BRILLIANT ovation was given to the Hon. William M. Evarts, Attorney-General of the United States, by the members of the New York Bar, at the Astor House, on Tuesday evening, November 17th. The handsome banquet-room was last fully decorated with the national and State colors, and the walls were hung with festoons of evergreens intermingled with shields bearing the names of the States. Precisely at seven o'clock, Doddworth's band struck up an air of invitation, and the company, embracing nearly two hundred and fifty-four most distinguished judges and lawyers, filed into the dining-hall, and remained standing until the invited guests were seated.

Their entrance into the room, headed by Messrs. Evarts and O'Connor, General Grant, and Admiral Farragut, was the signal of hearty applause. The guests of the evening were seated at the upper table in the following order: In the center sat the President, Charles O'Connor. On his right were Attorney-General Evarts, Admiral Farragut, Mayor Hoffman, Judge Blatchford, Cyrus W. Field, R. H. Dana, Dr. Adams, Dr. Vinton, Mr. Raymond, William Young, and others. On his left were General Grant, General Schofield, Mr. A. T. Stewart, Charles A. Dana, General Bank, Governor Clifford, William E. Dodge, General Dent, M. O. Roberts, Richard O'Gorman, Attorney-General Brewster, of Pennsylvania, and others.

At the close of the dinner, the Rev. Dr. Adams offered a benediction, and the Chairman of the evening proposed the first toast, "The President of the United States." The band played "Hail Columbia," while the audience drank to the health of the Chief Magistrate. The next toast proposed was "The President, elect." No sooner was it given, than a miniature fort, opposite the President, fired off salvoes of artillery, and the banqueters replied with prolonged applause and waving of hats.

After the applause and cheering had been hushed, General Grant said:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR OF NEW YORK—I thank you very kindly for the manner in which you have received this toast, which was intended as a complimentary to myself; and I will say that there is no other community that I would receive such a demonstration on as welcome from men with any more ardent friends than the citizens I meet here this evening."

The President then announced the third regular toast, "Our On-est," and the Hon. Mr. Evarts, on rising to reply, was received with three hearty cheers. The fourth toast was, "The Army and the Navy;" General Schofield responding for the former, and the gallant Admiral Farragut for the latter.

The veterans of the Bar, the Judiciary of the United States, the State and City of New York, the Press, and the Bar of our sister States, were duly toasted, and honored with happy acknowledgments.

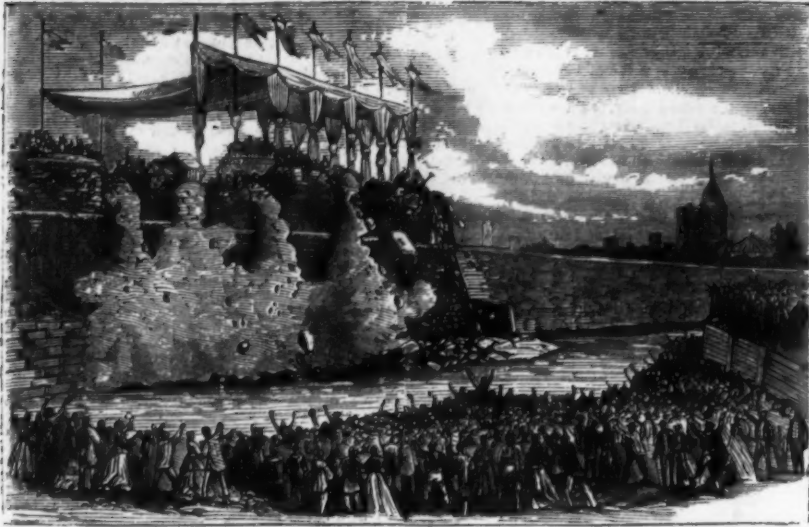
At 11 o'clock General Grant withdrew from the hall, when the audience rose and gave him three cheers, to which he bowed his acknowledgments.

The speeches were continued to a late hour, and the banquet broke up, long to be remembered as the most distinguished and brilliant of the legal profession ever held in this city.

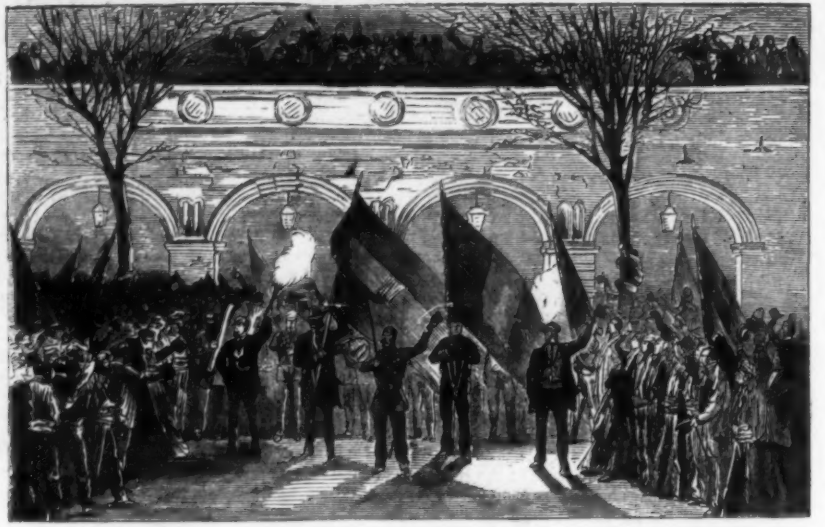
An exchange has the following: A little schoolboy gives some interesting information about the noxious weed in the appended juvenile annotations: Tobacco grows something like cabbage, but I never saw one boiled, though I have heard men say that cigars that was given to them on election day for not voting was cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden injuns, who stand at the doors and try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars, which is glued into the injun's hand, and is made of wood also.



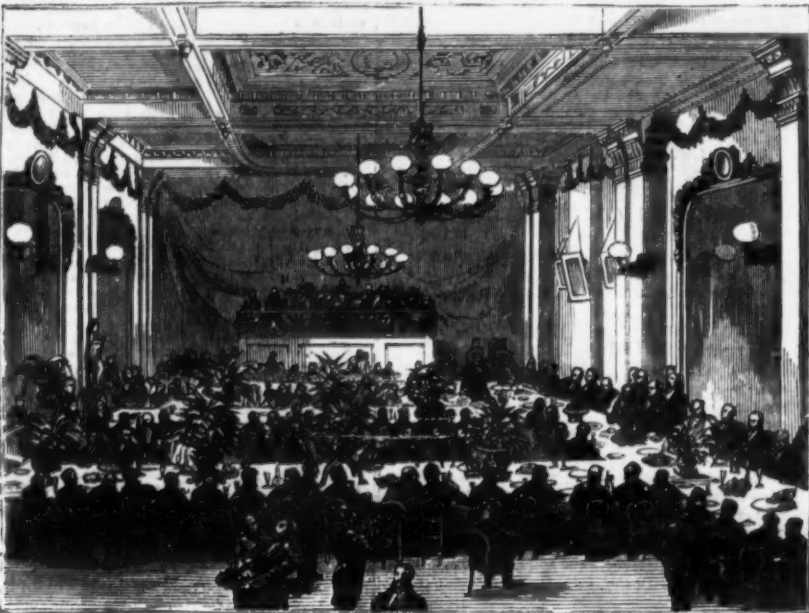
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 181.



EVENTS IN SPAIN—THE CELEBRATION AT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITADEL AT BARCELONA.



PRESENTATION OF FLAGS BY THE ITALIAN COMMITTEE TO THE JUNTA, AT BARCELONA, SPAIN.



BANQUET AT LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, TO HON. BEVERDY JOHNSON.



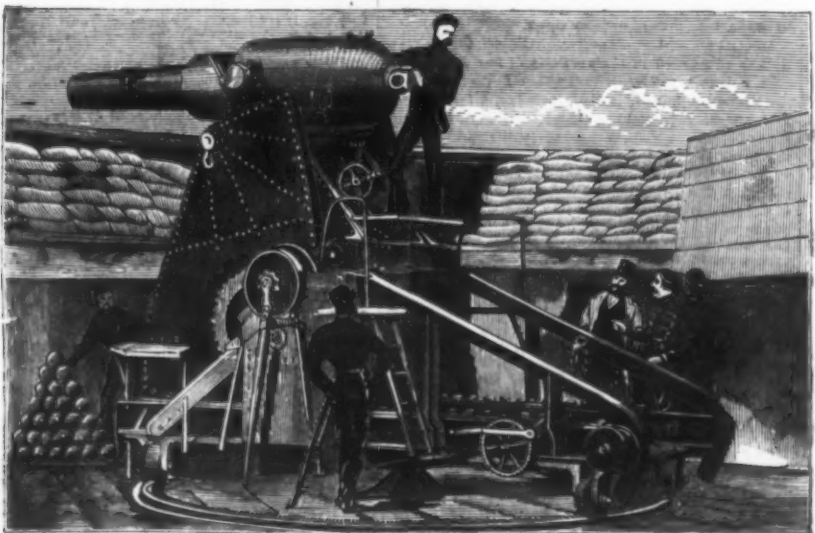
EXTINCT VOLCANOES OF THE CHAIN OF PUY, FRANCE.



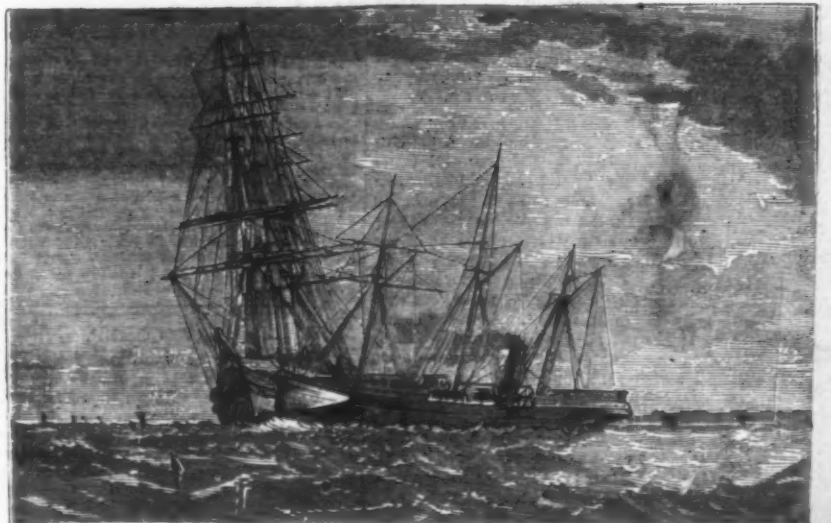
THE INUNDATION IN SWITZERLAND—APPEARANCE OF THE VALLEY OF THE SPLUGEN.



THE HORSES' MORNING BATH AT CALCUTTA.



CAPTAIN MONCRIEFF'S PROTECTED BARBETTE GUN.



COLLISION BETWEEN THE STEAMER NORTH STAR AND THE PASSENGER SHIP LEICHHARDT, AT THE NOB





A NEW ENGLAND BARNYARD SCENE IN NOVEMBER.—SEE PAGE 183.

**PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.**

**Events in Spain—Demolition of the Citadel at Barcelona—Presentation of Flags.**

On the 16th October was inaugurated the work of demolishing the citadel, erected at Barcelona by the first

of the Bourbons, Philippe V. The entire population assembled upon this patriotic occasion. The provisional junta, the administrative officers, and the army, assisted. At three o'clock the president of the junta, giving the first blow with the pick, loosened a stone from the bastion and tumbled it into the moat. Great cries of joy were heard, and the crowd rushed to the walls and took part in the demolition. The scene is

represented in one of our engravings; in another, we show one of the most interesting episodes of the revolution—the presentation of a flag to the insurgents by the Italian colony at Barcelona, as a mark of their sympathy. The principal Italian representatives carried the colors through the streets, the crowd cheering enthusiastically, and the spectators at windows and balconies waving applause, as the procession

passed beneath the combined flags of Italy and Spain, that decorated the house-fronts.

**Banquet at Liverpool, England, to Hon. Reverdy Johnson.**

As a subject associated with our nationality, we publish a picture from the London *Illustrated Times*, of the banquet given at Liverpool, on the 22d of October, in



HON. A. OAKLEY HALL, DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE MAYORALTY OF NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 183.



MRS. SCHUTLER COLFAX (NÉE NELLIE WADE).—SEE PAGE 183.



compliment to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, the American Minister at the Court of St. James. A London journal, in allusion to this scene of diplomatic civility, says that "The Liverpool banquet may be regarded as the festive initiation of a new and higher order of international intercourse." The American people, however, do not seem to endorse the eulogiums of the English press upon the conciliatory course pursued by their gay and festive representative. The banquet was given by the American Chamber of Commerce, in the Rooms of the Law Association. Mr. S. H. Brown, President of the Association, was in the chair, and amongst the guests, in addition to Hon. R. Johnson, were Lord Stanley, M. P.; Mr. W. E. Gladstone, M. P.; the Bishop of Chester; Mr. J. Laird, M. P.; Mr. T. B. Horsfall, M. P.; Mr. S. R. Graves, M. P.; Mr. C. Turner, M. P.; the Mayor of Liverpool, Admiral Evans, General Sir John Garvel, Admiral Kerr, Captain Tarnour, R. N.; Archdeacon Jones; Mr. H. Wadding, United States Vice-Consul.

#### The Inundations in Europe—The Valley of the Spügen.

The autumn of 1868 has been marked by unusually destructive inundations in Switzerland, Italy, and France. In Switzerland, especially, the effects of the heavy rains have been aggravated by those of a warm and conipaguous wind, that has melted enormous quantities of snow and ice on the summits of the Alps. The floods that ensued in consequence were frightful; the ravages are such that the toll of several generations will scarcely repair them. The torrents, swollen to the proportions of rivers, leaped in cataracts into the valleys; the Aar, the Rhine, the Reuss, the Linth, bursting their dikes, invaded the fields, carrying every-where ruin and desolation. Our engraving represents the scene in the Riedthal, not far from the glacier of Rhodn Id. The village of Spügen is seen at the moment when the waters rush into the valley, uprooting trees, upheaving rocks and destroying habitations. The victims of this calamity count by hundreds. In the village of Loderio alone, fifty people perished. Cemeteries were washed away, and the coffins, floating here and there, added to the general horror of the scene.

#### The Moncrieff Protected Barbette Gun-Carriage.

The experiments which lately took place at Shoeburyness with the gun-carriage invented by Captain A. Moncrieff, R. A., to enable a heavy gun to be used in perfect safety behind a parapet, or in a sunk pit in the ground, have excited very general attention. When a gun is mounted upon the common gun-carriage, behind an ordinary breastwork, or the parapet of a fortified battery, it can only be fired through the embrasure, as through the porthole of a ship. This necessarily limits the extent of its lateral range, and the invention of the revolving turret, which has been recommended for land gunnery as well as for ships, is therefore designed to enable the gun to turn freely, to the right hand or to the left. Another disadvantage of the embrasure is that it affords a constant mark for the fire of the enemy, and the men serving the gun are more or less exposed when standing close to it; besides which, the gun itself is sooner or later hit by the enemy's fire, and broken or dismounted. General Tollenbe, in the defense of Sebastopol, introduced mantlets or thick curtains of ropes, hung across the embrasures, to prevent this inconvenience; but the Russian batteries were nevertheless disabled by the prolonged and destructive fire of the British and French artillery, so that the Allies could advance to the assault. Captain Moncrieff, who was present and watched these proceedings, turned his attention, therefore, to the problem which he now appears to have solved. The gun-carriage invented by him, and perfected after so many years' thought and labor, seems to combine the security of a protecting parapet, without any embrasures, with the facility of working and freedom of lateral range, which were hitherto allowed only to guns mounted on barbette—that is, mounted above the level of the parapet, where they remained constantly exposed to view in front. This combination of advantages is obtained by alternately raising and lowering the gun, which is fired when at its highest level, and loaded when it descends. The apparatus for that purpose, which is equally applicable to guns of every size and weight, consists principally of the addition of a counter-weight below, suspended so as to balance the weight of the gun, and acting like the piece of lead fastened to the end of a curved wire on or the belly of a rocking-horse, in the child's toy which represents a prancing horse. The gun is lowered by the force of its own recoil whenever it is fired; but it may at any time be worked by a small amount of manual force, equivalent to rather more than the difference between the weight of the gun and the counter-weight. The recoil, instead of thrusting the carriage backward along a horizontal platform, as in the ordinary gun-carriage, thus brings the gun down to the men, who stand in a sheltered position below. The elevator, as it is called, weighs six tons, and the weight is so distributed that in the position of equilibrium the gun is at the highest point. The bottom of the elevator is rounded like the rollers of a rocking-chair, and the instant the gun is fired the recoil sets the machine rolling, and brings down the gun some feet below the parapet. There it is stopped by a common catch or ratchet working on a toothed wheel like that which every one has seen on a windlass or a crane. When the gun is loaded the pawl is removed by a hand-le, the gun springs up, the shot is fired, and down comes the piece again to the loading position. A simple contrivance called the carriage, which is nothing but a bar pivoted to the gun at one end, and riding along an inclined plane at the other, keeps the piece horizontal throughout the movement. The gun may be aimed and laid in a few seconds by a man sitting on a platform above; or by an optical reflecting apparatus the gun may be aimed, while in the loading position, without requiring even the man who lays it to expose himself for a moment.

#### Extinct Volcanoes of the Chain of Puys, France.

The convulsions that have recently agitated various quarters of the earth, have called attention to the subject of volcanic formations in Europe. The formation of extinct volcanoes is represented in France by the volcanoes situated in the ancient provinces of Auvergne, the Velay, and the Vivara, but principally by about fifty volcanic cones or eruptions, of the height of 500 to 1,000 feet, arranged upon a granite plateau which overlooks the city of Clermont-Ferrand. This is the chain of Puys, represented in our engraving.

#### The Horses' Morning Bath at Calcutta.

We copy from the *Illustrated London News* the spirited scene representing horses bathing in the Ganges, at Calcutta, in company with the native grooms. The animals appear to be enjoying hugely their dip in the sacred river, and the picture throughout has more life than is usual in Oriental subjects.

#### Collision between the Steamer North Star and the Passenger Ship Leichhardt, at the Nore.

On the evening of October 31, the night being remarkably clear, with bright moonlight, a full-rigged ship, the Leichhardt, 750 tons, outward bound from London to New Zealand, was run down at the entrance to the Thames, about two miles below the Nore, by the North Star, screw steamer, also outward bound. By the force of the concussion, the ship heeled over; the steamer forced her completely round, and went some distance before she brought up. The crash was terrible; and the passengers and crew on board the Leichhardt were with difficulty rescued before the ill-fated vessel foundered. They managed, however, to escape in the lifeboats to the North Star and to a Spanish steamer, the Baetrice, which providentially was near. Nothing except bare life and raiment was saved, many of the passengers being in their night-clothes. Strange to say, the North Star did not sustain the least injury by the collision.

#### "PLEASE HELP THE BLIND."

BY J. W. WATSON.

With vacant thought and wandering step,  
One warm September day,  
I walked where thoughtless thousands walk,  
Along the bright Broadway.  
And on the thoughtless thousand ears,  
Borne by the autumn wind,  
There came, above the crash and roar,  
A moan—"Please help the blind."

Where all this countless crowd went on,  
By silken garments swept,  
There sat a man whose changeless face  
Would seem as though he slept.  
His stolid form was clad in rags,  
His eyes to heaven inclined,  
And from his scarcely moving lips  
He moaned—"Please help the blind."

O God! how struck the dismal cry  
Upon my wearied heart;  
How quick compelled, in every vein,  
The sluggish blood to start.  
An echo sprang within my soul,  
With all my years entwined,  
And mingled with the hopeless moan:  
O Lord!—"Please help the blind."

"Please help the blind," whose failing years  
Point past the dream of life;  
Whose hearts and eyes are closed alike  
To misery and strife.  
Who, blinder than the beggar blind  
That pleads upon Broadway,  
Have shut alike their eyes and hearts,  
And thrown their lives away.

"Please help the blind," whose pride of place  
Hath kept their thoughts above  
The treasure of an earthly rest—  
The purity of love.  
Who, by their wandering in the world,  
Have lost the light of home,  
And now, with cold, contracted steps,  
In utter blindness roam.

"Please help the blind," who, through the years  
You gave them for their kind,  
Have stretched abroad their greedy hands  
As grope the veriest blind.  
Who know no end but lands and gold,  
And now, when comes the night,  
Moan prayer on prayer through weary hours  
For but a moment's sight.

And, while my prayer ascends on high,  
Hear thou the saddened cry  
Of one who walks in blindness on,  
While all the world goes by;  
Who hears the moan upon Broadway,  
Yet fails the path to find,  
And echoes in his heart of hearts,  
O Lord!—"Please help the blind."

## VIE RGIE.

BY MARIO UCHARD.

### III.

THE days following Miro's departure were veiled by sadness. I tried to obtain pardon. Vièrgie, too deeply wounded in her love to forget the offense at once, hesitated to pronounce the word that was to bring perfect reconciliation between us. I no longer found in her that abandon which had charmed me so much. It was all in vain that I overwhelmed her with protestations of tenderness—she remained reserved and unconfiding.

"The future frightens me," said she, "as much as the past."

Still, we had gone so far that it was impossible to retrace our steps.

"Jean," said she, "remember that it is you who insist upon this marriage."

She uttered these words in such a singular tone that it almost amounted to a threat; but I felt too certain that I could dissipate this cloud, to be uneasy at this last reproach of her wounded pride. This strange character was so completely master of my will, and subjugated me to such a degree, that I even loved her tyranny.

Our marriage was fixed to take place in three weeks; a letter from my uncle, however, somewhat deranged our plans. He wrote to me that he could not come as he had promised. It was a difficult thing for me not to offer to wait for him, but an order from the Minister cut short all hesitation by sending him to Brest. He wrote to my aunt to apologize for his unavoidable absence, and, sending his regrets to me, advised me to marry without him.

Happiness takes no notice of time. What shall I say of those thousand delights which are strewn in the path of lovers? An incident, however, annoyed me. One morning I had left Chazol earlier than usual, when, making a sudden *detour* in the path, I saw Marulas about fifty steps in advance

of me. I was so far from thinking of this rascal, whose sight was so odious to me, that I was about to enter the thicket in order to avoid him, when I remarked that he made a movement as if he would conceal himself from me. I don't know why it was that the suspicion entered my mind that he was seeking Vièrgie.

I called him. Perceiving that he was discovered, he came to me.

"You are infringing upon your agreement," said I, "in returning to Severol."

"I hope Monsieur le Comte will forgive me," said he, "but it is precisely for the purpose of keeping my engagement that I have delayed my departure a few days. Not wishing to return here, I have determined to sell my house. Monsieur Langlade will tell you that I am in treaty with some one about it now."

There was something plausible in this; still he said it with a kind of embarrassment which contrasted strangely with the fellow's usual assurance. I surmised that he was surprised in something that he wanted to keep concealed from me. While speaking he kept glancing up and down the path. A moment or two afterward, while he was making sundry excuses, I saw Vièrgie, through a clearing in the wood, turning an angle of the rocks. I knew then that he had just left her.

"I came this morning to say 'Good-day' to my child," said he, quickly, seeing that he was found out.

"I want no more explanations," I exclaimed, and, leaving Marulas, I hastened to rejoin Vièrgie, saddened by the thought that she had doubtless suffered from some wretched scene with this scoundrel.

"What! it is you?" said she, a little surprised, when I overtook her. "How is it that you are here so soon?" and she offered her hand to me, smiling.

"I had a presentiment that I should see you," I returned, "and that perhaps I might be useful in protecting you from unpleasant companions." "Oh, as for unpleasant companions," she replied, laughing, "there is very little to apprehend between Chazol and La Morinière."

"And yet there was one to be avoided?"

"Indeed! who was that?"

"Marulas!"

"You have seen him; he is here, then?"

"Did he not just leave you?" I added, in surprise.

"No," said she; "I did not meet him."

"Yet he just told me that he had spoken to you."

She blushed deeply at this. I pitied her confusion.

"Poor Vièrgie," I added, "he comes to torment you again, and you dare not confide in it."

Quite disconcerted, she cast on me a bewildered look.

"It is true," she stammered; "I was afraid of making you uneasy."

"What!" said I, in a tone of tender reproach "can we not even share our griefs together? Patience! in a few days I shall have my turn with him."

### III.

SEVERAL days have elapsed, my friend, since I put down my pen, and Heaven only knows when I shall resume it again. My romance is finished. This is the last letter I shall write as a bachelor; our contract is signed: in two days I shall be married.

Do not ask me to try and describe to you my present state of enchantment. In the fullness of the sensations I feel, I seem to have two hearts—two souls—and I really have them, Rene. Ideal love, as described by poets, is only a cold elegy as compared to the living passion. No, you cannot possibly comprehend my beatitude, for you have never seen Vièrgie.

You would have to live in this atmosphere of burning flames, to feel yourself penetrated by that grace, so intoxicating and so peculiar, which is exhaled around her, in order to realize in the slightest degree what I now feel. Even I, her betrothed, do not know her fully.

Since the day on which our happiness was rendered certain, when she dared to allow me to share the treasures of her soul, it seems to me that I have been going crazy. Her beauty even, transfigured by the abandon of love, blinds me every now and then to such an extent, that I cannot bear the burning languor of her glance, the soft tenderness of her smile. It would almost seem that the gipsy who passed as her mother had left her one of those magical philtres which enslave those to whom they are administered.

Sometimes she excites in me melancholy forebodings and sweet alarm, by a kind of feline cruelty, the effect of which is only to tighten the bonds that bind me.

She agitates me, enchants me, and renders me uneasy by turns.

You already know the follies I have been guilty of with respect to Chazol. Everything there is as new, as fresh, and as charming as our love. Never was there a better nest prepared for bride and bridegroom, and my lovely future countless times, and declares herself delighted with it. The trousseau has arrived; my house is all alive, and I walk amidst all these dear objects which await her coming, and feel my heart melt with joy at the thought that in two days all this will become a part of our lives.

My uncle has written Vièrgie a charming letter, begging to be excused for not being present to accompany her to the altar, and with the exception of some remarks on the happiness of the marriage state, the irony of which I alone detected, the letter was everything it should be.

A pearl necklace accompanied this letter. With respect to the ceremony, I will describe it to you beforehand. At ten o'clock, D'Amblay and De Manron, my groomsmen, will meet us at La Morinière, with Langlade, and the Curé of Chazol, and

Vièrgie's bridesmaids. After the civil and religious ceremony, we shall have breakfast.

I need not tell you the excitement in the neighborhood. We shall leave them all at three o'clock. I have contrived a little surprise in the shape of an exquisite phaeton, drawn by two Shetland ponies; they come from Paris. Chantret selected them for me, and I believe procured them from the stable of the Prince de Galles. I need say no more. This is my surprise for my wife. She will drive them herself.

You must just fancy me seated by her side, handing her the reins. What do you think of such a beginning to married life?

I forgot to tell you that my aunt and Genevieve leave the same day for Paris. This will cause us to be several weeks alone.

I do not repine at the prospect.

### XXIII.

RENE, imagine some frightful disaster. Not rather picture to yourself Jean de Chazol fallen into a stupid trap—the victim of one of those catastrophes from which he cannot escape, excepting by revenge or the commission of some frightful crime!

Rene, I scarcely dare to confide a secret to you—a secret which shall never be known to another soul. Ten times during the last month I have taken up my pen to write you, but it fell from my hand. Even at this very moment, blind rage obscures my thoughts, recollections of the past press on my brain, and it seems to me that I require more than superior human courage to detail to you the events that have occurred.

You will doubtless hear of this unforeseen event, which to-morrow, perhaps, will be detailed to the world as the last scandal. To you alone I can and must tell all; my honor, I know, is yours. You know everything that preceded my marriage. I told you of those last days of my engagement, of my hopes and faith in the future. I had, as you know, but one thought—Vièrgie. Under the charm of that strange fascination, which irritated my senses and deprived me of my reason, I only saw and breathed through her. To show you how completely I was bewitched, at a word from her I would even have sacrificed your friendship.

The day of our marriage arrived. You are aware that we had already resolved between us to make it almost a charming mystery to which we invited our guests.

At ten o'clock I was at La Morinière. D'Amblay and De Manron entered almost the same time as myself. A few minutes afterward, Vièrgie appeared in her bridal dress, crowned with flowers and enveloped in her long veil. She was so graceful and lovely that D'Amblay could not restrain a gesture of surprise on beholding once more her whom he had last seen on the roadside, tending goats; and it was with something like timidity that he offered her his hand.

"I understand all now!" he whispered to me, while Vièrgie held up her face to receive my aunt's kiss. "Forgive me, my dear fellow, I really thought you were committing a foolish act. I see now, that, had I been your age, I should envy you."

I scarcely heard him, for Vièrgie approached me.

"How do I look, Jean?" she said.

The carriages were at the door, and we started for Severol. You know what a marriage is, but what you do not know, is the deep emotion the heart feels when, kneeling before the altar, side by side with a pure young girl, we hear that chaste and solemn vow of a soul that gives itself up, and is bound to you as long as life lasts.

Rene, we belong to those who believe in God, but we have not escaped those attacks of skepticism which wars with the dogmas of our faith. Well! I declare to you, when I passed the ring over her finger, and met her glance, so full of emotion, all my early faith returned to me. It is necessary that you should understand the impression made upon me, that you may rightly comprehend my disaster.

There are certain feelings which are experienced but once in a lifetime. On leaving the church, with her arm leaning on mine, at the thought that she was now mine, and that our two lives were bound together for ever, it seemed to me that it was only from that hour that I felt the real strength and energy of my mind, as if until then I had never rightly comprehended the true idea of human destiny.

I thought I read in her face the emotion of her softened feelings.

We returned to La Morinière. A few hours more of constraint, and then we should be each other's forever. Our extreme happiness seemed to impregnate the atmosphere around us with joyful sentiments. There was such a romantic charm in our marriage, that all hearts seemed impressed by it. D'Amblay praised Vièrgie unceasingly. There was, however, one shadow hanging over our felicity—poor Genevieve was so indisposed that my aunt was uneasy with regard to their prearranged journey; but the physician had reassured her by declaring that this indisposition need not retard their departure.

At last the hour arrived. As we had previously arranged, my aunt retired with Genevieve and Vièrgie. After a few minutes' conversation, I left our friends at table and went to join my wife. Our farewells were so full of emotion, that I abridged them. Vièrgie had removed her veil and floral crown. She threw a large mantle over her bridal dress, placed a large straw hat on her head, and we passed through the avenue of elm trees to reach the carriage, which was waiting for us at the park gate. We were both out of breath when we left the park, for we ran like two children fearful of being caught. Since morning we had scarcely an opportunity of saying a word to each other.

"At last, my own darling," I exclaimed, "you are my wife!"

We were in the road, and she was just about to reply to me, when a man suddenly stood before us.

It was Marulas!



At a gesture, which I could not restrain, he jumped back.

"Monsieur le Comte will allow me to bestow my offering on the Countess de Chazol on this auspicious occasion," said he, pointing to a bouquet he held in his hand.

Virgie turned pale as death. I advanced a step toward the rascal, but she stopped me; then, advancing to him with strange calmness, she took the bouquet.

"Reflect well, Madame le Comtesse, on what these flowers tell you," said he, with his hideous smile.

"I know it," she returned.

I fancied they exchanged significant glances. He then left us. All this had passed in a moment.

"What does it mean?" I asked Virgie.

"I will tell you by-and-by," she replied, in such a singular tone, that I thought it implied some hidden fear, at the same time she pointed to the servants.

This was only a puerile incident. I felt too certain that this impudence would be the last on Marulas's part, for me to allow it to occupy my thoughts.

"My darling, reassure yourself," said I, gently. "Am I not here now?"

And taking her hand, I assisted her into the carriage, and we started off.

"I was so troubled at seeing you frightened," said I, "that I forgot to make you my present."

"What do you mean?" said she, mechanically taking the reins I handed to her.

"You expressed a wish for one of those little equipages which you could drive yourself," I returned. "Here it is—I offer it to you, with all that it contains," I added, in a whisper, laughing.

She only thanked me by an inclination of her head. The presence of the two footmen seated behind imposed a reserve upon us which was all the more keenly felt since our hearts were so full of emotion. Still, in the few and indifferent remarks which we exchanged with each other, I thought I so well understood the trouble agitating her, that every word she uttered seemed to me to be impressed with the tenderness of pure and devoted love.

We reached the chateau. A reception, arranged by Monsieur Girard, my steward, and seconded by Toby, awaited us. All the tenants and laborers of Chazol had been invited, according to the old custom, to a festival on the lawn. We were greeted with cheers, and the balcony was hung with garlands of flowers. I took Virgie's hand and led her through their midst. At last we reached her apartment, where her maid was awaiting her.

"You are now at home, my dear countess," said I, kissing her hand.

"Will you allow me to change my dress?" said she.

At last we were married, free, happy, far removed from the eyes that since the morning had oppressed us, and checked the outpourings of our hearts. The intimate and delightful existence of married life was about to commence. What happiness! What hope! What a future! My heart was full to bursting.

I waited for her in the little parlor, where I had hung my mother's portrait, enwreathed with flowers, so that Virgie would feel herself welcomed by that other good angel of my destiny.

A rustling sound at the door made me start; I then heard her voice.

"May I come in?" said she.

I rushed toward her, but stood suddenly still on seeing her dressed in the same deep mourning she had assumed on the day succeeding La Marianne's death.

She entered, cold and pale, and was scarcely recognizable.

"My God! what is the matter?" I exclaimed, trying to believe that it was some childishness which I could not understand.

"Nothing! What causes your astonishment, Jean? Am I not in mourning for my mother?"

She uttered these words in such an icy tone, which contrasted so strangely with my effusion, that I fancied some frightful accident had occurred which she wished to hide from me.

"My dear wife," I exclaimed, "tell me quickly—you make me almost die with fear. Why this mourning on such a joyful day? Why this air of sadness, when our happiness commences?"

I took her hand and drew her to me. I clasped her tenderly in my arms, as if to protect her against every grief. But her hand was cold and trembling, her supple form grew rigid under my embrace. As if by an instinctive movement of repulsion, she disengaged herself from my arms.

"Do not touch me! do not touch me!" she exclaimed. "You inspire me with dread."

My first thought was terrible. I thought she had suddenly become insane; then, perceiving in her bosom the bouquet Marulas had given her, the extravagant idea entered my mind that the flowers were poisoned.

I tried to tear it from her—she restrained me.

"Virgie, dear Virgie," said I, almost distracted, "throw those flowers away; they are killing you!"

"Those flowers were gathered from my mother's grave," she replied; "do not touch them."

At such an hour this was a horribly sinister omen. From Virgie's attitude, from her looks, from the change in her countenance, from the trembling of her voice, I saw that a terrible struggle was going on in her soul; that she was a prey to some dreadful excitement, the cause of which I could not even suspect. I gazed at her, completely bewildered. She divined my thought.

"I have not lost my reason, my dear Jean," said she, in a singularly ironical tone; "you may at least dismiss that fear."

At these words I began to understand this terrible misfortune hanging over us.

"Virgie, you torture me!" I cried. "What has happened? Speak! There is some misunderstanding between us."

"I can understand your surprise," she re-

turned; "you did not expect this dénouement reserved for you by Providence."

"By Providence?"

"Yes," she added, with feverish excitement, "it is Providence that guides me, and that has chosen me to accomplish its work."

"But this is delirium, unhappy girl! You cannot realize how cruel your words are! Calm yourself. This pallor, this agitation, your trembling voice, all show, Virgie, that you are following some odious advice at the moment when our life begins. Remember you are my wife—no evil can happen to you—have you forgotten this?"

She turned away her eyes, and remained mute, agitated, and wavering. Suddenly she seemed to become inflexible, even against herself.

"No—it must be," said she; and then, with an effort of implacable resolution, she added, "Jean, expect nothing from my weakness. I have foreseen it, and guarded even against my own cowardice."

And while speaking, she drew a letter from her bosom and handed it to me.

"Read this letter," she added, "and when you have read it, you will understand all."

I extended my hand mechanically, and took the letter. She walked toward the door. I looked at her in consternation, feeling that something was coming between us that could never be removed again. Just as she placed her foot on the threshold, I exclaimed:

"Virgie, I entreat you for the sake of our future happiness to take this letter back. It is impossible that this communication is written of your own free will. Some one has overpowered your reason and silenced the dictates of your heart, for the purpose of making you commit a mad act. Take back this letter!"

At these words she turned round hesitatingly, half-conquered, with an expression of pain in her countenance. I opened my arms; but as if some terror had suddenly taken possession of her, she exclaimed, in a tone of decision:

"No! read it!"

And she left the room.

It is said that when a man is drowning there is one moment of agonizing thought in which his whole life is spread out like a panorama before his eyes, and all that he loves—mother, wife, children—recur to his mind. On the threshold of death he sees the past, with its joys and its sorrows. When I was alone, whilst tearing open the letter with trembling hands—the letter which contained the strange mystery which was to engulf my happiness—I experienced this heart-rending impression of the drowning man. In a moment all the events that had brought about this marriage recurred to my mind. I saw everything as it were by the aid of a flash of lightning. I remembered my meetings with Marulas, of the secret intercourse which I suspected between him and Virgie—the bouquet he had given her, and the glances I had noticed that passed between them. I did not doubt for a moment but that it was this wretch who was the cause of our ruin.

Hence, this is what I read. The letter was dated the previous evening.

"La Monnaie, Tuesday.

"JEAN—To-morrow I shall be Countess of Chazol. To-morrow I shall see the doors of your chateau open to admit me. Honor, pride, riches, love—you have placed them all at my feet. I can enjoy all the wealth, all the luxury, which in my wildest dreams I could not have dared to hope for. My future depends only on my own will. You perceive that it is after due reflection that I act, while I am still free to renounce the terrible resolution I have formed. I have questioned my reason, I have sounded the depths of my heart—I know what I am doing. Well, then! Now, in a condition of perfect calmness, without anger, and perfectly conscious of the act I commit, on the eve of becoming your wife—of uniting for ever your life with mine—I swear to you that I will never be yours! Do not say that I am out of my mind—a few words will tell you all.

"Jean, for the last week I have deceived you; I have known during that time that I am not the daughter of the Marchioness de Senozan. I am the daughter of La Marianne, the unhappy woman so despised, so tortured by your relatives, whom your father drove away without pity when she bore me in her arms, separating her from all that she loved in the world. For a week past, in short, I knew that my mother's dying declaration was only a stratagem, a retaliation long prepared to strike you all to the heart, and restore to me a portion of the rights which the Marquis de Senozan, my father, would have left me if his feelings and his love had not been changed by being forced to abandon my mother. Through the acts of your father and mother my mother was compelled to drink the cup of pain and misery to the dregs. She left me a legacy of revenge, and I carry it into execution.

"You see that I cannot be yours. Love would be a sacrifice between us. I am an instrument in the hands of fate—nothing more.

"You will not believe in my resolution if I do not show myself sincere and true, for I have loved you, and you might count on my weakness. You must, therefore, read to the very bottom of my soul.

"I confess I have trembled before the terrible act I am about to commit, but I have reflected, and I have conquered that lying love which the instincts of my race and natural aversion ought to have quenched at once. You once said, that I had as much of the angel as the demon in my composition, and that it only depended on you for me to reach heaven. Jean, I loved you enough to give myself blindly to you, and for your sake to stifle the hatred it is my duty to feel. One night I came to you broken down, my heart overflowing with distress, and you did not understand that I could only be raised from this debasement by your love, but you repulsed me, disdained me, without even seeing the wound you inflicted on that fanaticism of devotion which would have

caused me to give myself to you as my idol, my savior.

"What I say is perhaps strange—perhaps there is too much of the gipsy in my blood; besides, I have not been brought up with the prudence of respectable young girls who are cared for by reproachable mothers. From that hour when I would have thrown myself in your arms, I should have become your slave—I should have loved you so much that I should have felt but one shame—the shame of being despised. That was the most cruel act possible, and you inflicted it on me. You would not have me! Jean, you did not know what one drop of gall could do, falling in the cup of misery which I was drinking to the dregs. The bitter draught, too long heaped up, suddenly overflowed. It was through you that I understood I was destined to live as a pariah, that I must be the enemy of that caste whom fortune had favored, when he whom I adored would not even bestow the charity of love on me!

"I suffered deeply, Jean; I cursed you; and yet my hatred was mingled with regret. One word from you would have brought me to your feet, when, stifling the voice of my heart, I tried in vain to love that family and that mother in whose arms I was thrown. I felt myself so strange, so forsaken, in the midst of that hesitating tenderness through which doubt could easily be discerned! From a necessity of again enjoying my wild freedom, which was heightened by the restraint of this new life, I escaped in the night, in order to cry aloud to heaven, to the trees, to that nature that alone was my friend, that had seen my infant sufferings, that had witnessed my girl's tears, that knew of the torments of my life. In my incoherent ravings I called on you in the distress in which I was plunged. I would still have forgiven you.

"I know not what secret voice it was that told me you loved me; then, when I was near you, I felt my heart turn to ice, for I guessed the contempt and fear you felt for me.

"I saw you Genevieve's confidant; then jealousy seized me. I asked myself in vain what was my crime in your eyes. I lost confidence in my youth, and believed myself old and haggard, since you did not love me; and the evil instincts, but half-tamed, were reawakened in me, sharp and threatening.

"One night I rose up to set fire to my sister's chamber. Oh, I suffered from cruel struggles until the moment when I saw Sir Clarence made you suffer the same, and it was Sir Clarence who restored to me my self-esteem. I determined to strike you to the heart by giving myself to him. And yet, I could not withstand your grief.

"My soul was yours. You dared at last to love me. This happiness deprived me of all courage. I abandoned myself to this radiant dream. You loved me. After what I had suffered I should be your wife. I, whom you had met ragged and barefooted.

"Oh! if you could only have read my heart then. I could have kissed the impress of your foot on the grass. What a future I pictured to myself! I was in heaven.

"Imprudent as I was, I had to experience a last insult, and you did not spare me in allowing me to see, on Miro's return, your want of faith even in the commonest honesty.

"It was too much, Jean! From that day I understood that I should always be in your eyes the girl picked up on the public road—a kind of strange creature, whose beauty had conquered your pride and your reason—but who had not even your esteem.

"It was beyond my strength to bear this last proof of contempt. From that day I swore that I would see you a suppliant at my feet after having chained your life to mine, and I would return the disdain you had shown me with interest. Should I have kept my oath? I don't know. Your grief might have made me a coward. But now, I think of the tortures inflicted on my mother; she has bequeathed me her vengeance, a hundred times more sacred than my own.

"Jean! I am your wife. Your name is henceforth mine—and I will never, never, be yours!"

"VIRGIE."

#### A New England Barnyard Scene in November.

WINTER is beginning to threaten the beautiful autumn days. We take from our portfolio a sketch of a New England Barnyard, and the scene seems appropriate to the bleak aspect of the season. The pastures are bare, and cattle must depend upon the farmers' providence, that has laid in good store of feed for the winter months. We need not describe our picture—the scene is one of home, familiar to millions of our countrymen.

#### MRS. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

(Née Nellie Wade.)

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax, admired and beloved by his countrymen, is to be congratulated as the choice of the people for the Vice-President of the Republic, and at the same time as a fortunate bridegroom.

Our portrait of the bride is from a photograph taken a short time before her marriage, and is pronounced by herself and friends to be an excellent likeness.

Mrs. Colfax is the niece of Senator Wade. She is about thirty years of age, of medium size, good figure, dark hair, brown eyes, and has a pleasing face, indicating goodness and intelligence. All who know her speak of her amiability and quiet good sense, as qualifying her admirably to preside at the house of the Vice-President-elect.

#### HON. A. OAKLEY HALL.

A. OAKLEY HALL, who has been nominated to the office of Mayor of New York by the Tammany Democracy and several conventions, is the District Attorney of that city; which office he has filled for four terms—since 1855. He is a Knickerbocker boy, and was born here in 1826. He is a direct descendant, on his mother's side, of Colonel John Oakley, one of the Charles I. regicides. He was educated at the New York University, and Harvard Law School. Subsequently

he studied law in New Orleans, in the office of John S. Sill, and was examined for the Bar by Judge P. Benjamin. These early associations probably account for his intense advocacy of States Rights. In 1850 he returned to New York, and joined its Bar. He has been for fifteen years a member of the firm of Brown, Hall & Vandewater, and is constantly before the public, either as advocate, lecturer, political speaker, or editor of the New York Leader.

#### A FAST MARQUIS.

RECENT cable dispatches from England contain the announcement of the death of Henry Weyford Charles Plantagenet Rawdon Hastings, Earl of Rawdon and Marquis of Hastings. Dying in his twenty-sixth year, worn out with debauchery, he was a bad specimen of the modern young British noble.

At eighteen years of age the marquis owned the finest yacht in Europe, and strange stories were told of the orgies held on board this vessel, as her noble owner set off the seas with his mistresses and boon companions. At nineteen he was the wonder of the British metropolis. One day he would be in the French capital, making his betting-book, and taking great odds; at the end of the week he would be in the Mole of Naples with a pretty ballet-girl, watching the loading of his pleasure yacht with Italian wines and fruits of the south; then he would make a trip to the Carpathians; and he again on the great Derby Day at Epsom Downs, standing before the Grand Stand, the observed of all observers, his book good for twenty or thirty thousand pounds, a sometimes all wagered on one horse. Three days later the keel of his yacht would be cleaving the waters of the Baltic in a sort of adventure, and so back again to enjoy the uproar of the London fashionable world.

It is a family of one of the oldest and noblest in England, and he inherited a vast fortune, his rent roll being over a hundred thousand pounds; yet he died poor, his estates in the hands of the Jews, and his revenues lost among blacklegs and sporting turfmen. For racing and blooded horses he had a great passion. His stable was filled with fine horses, and one or more of these he entered at nearly every race which occurred in England, betting upon them against the advice of his friends, and losing large sums.

In 1857 he appeared at the Derby in very embarrassed circumstances. His horse was beaten in every race, and young Hastings lost \$500,000. This sum, however, he paid, and in October of the same year he lost \$250,000 additional, owing to the unexpected failure of his horse Lady Elizabeth, which had won every thing but the one race on which her owner had so great a stake. On still another race that same year he lost \$200,000, and this last sum broke him down.

He contrived, however, to compromise his affairs in some manner, and in May last again appeared at the Derby with Lady Elizabeth and some other horses. Lady Elizabeth was entered for the race, and up to the hour of starting stood favorite at long odds. Her owner had backed her to the extent of \$500,000, and this sum involved not only his solvency, but his honor, credit, and soul; for if his horse were to fall him, then he would be branded as a defaulter throughout all England. When Lady Elizabeth came to the score, it was evident that she was in no condition to run, and that she had been drugged. That such was the case was subsequently proved satisfactorily. The race was run, and the horse upon which was staked so large a sum, and a man's reputation in addition, not only lost, but was distanced.

Notwithstanding all this, he appeared within a month at the Paris races, where his horse, the Earl, won the grand prize—an object of art presented by the Emperor—two hundred thousand dollars in gold, and a sweepstake of \$200 for each entry. Returning to England, he attended the Ascot races in June, where the Earl was again a winner, carrying off the St. James Palace States, although heavy odds were laid against him. Another horse of his, the Athenian, won another race on the same occasion. The winnings of the marquis on this occasion, however, were comparatively small, and went but a little way toward his numerous creditors. The few were his last racing ventures, as the J was specially confiscated all that could be reached of the little property remaining under his control.

Thus, in less than ten years from the beginning of his career of profligacy, the Marquis of Hastings succeeded in losing his fortune, his health, and his honor, and in every possible way disgracing the name he bore, and the class he represented. He had married the Lady Flora Paget, who was at the time engaged to another gentleman, and his domestic life was as scandalous as his sporting career.

THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE.—The Madrid correspondent of the London Star writes as follows of the notorious Marfori, the Intendente de Palacio of Isabella II.: "Various versions are current respecting the origin and antecedents of this unpleasant personage, none of which that I have seen are correct. The foundation of his fortune was the love of the late Marshal Narvaez for kitchen comforts, and his taste for debauchery. Marfori's father was an Italian emigrant, who came to Cadix to seek the means of subsistence, and set up a restaurant or eating-house there. The fascinations of the foreigner proved more powerful than the virtue of the lady who wore the blue ribbon of the establishment, and the church not having had owed the alliance contracted under these irregular circumstances, the future favorite of the Queen of Spain began his life ally. The skill of the lady in her department brought her ordinary into repute, and attracted the best custom. Narvaez became a frequent guest. He noticed the little lad who occasionally waited upon him, and promised to do something for him. He fulfilled his promise by appointing him to a clerical position in the Bureau of the Hacienda, or Treasury, and he carried promotion, as is affirmed, by rendering Narvaez service as a smuggler, to which Don Giovanni exacted from L. y. polo. His lack of geographical knowledge appears to have been his sole qualification for the office of Minister for the Colonies, which post he quitted to become Civil Governor of Madrid. This was a stroke of policy on the part of his powerful protector, who built his house with Marfori, calculating to strengthen himself in power through the ascendancy of the latter over the Queen. In his official capacity Marfori attended the Marquis on all occasions, occupying the same box at the opera, and other places of amusement, and a seat in her carriage at the promenade. She soon noticed him, took him into special favor, and appointed him Intendente de Palacio. This excited the public indignation and provoked his disgust to the highest degree, to which the scandalous scene at San Sebastian only put the climax.

A GEOLOGIST, once traveling in a stage coach, happened to sit opposite to a lady; glances were exchanged, and mutual admiration seemed to be the result. Eye language was soon exchanged for verbal conversation; after a few interchange about local subjects, from generalities to specialities—from the third person plural to the first person singular. Said the gentleman: "I am still unmarried!"

Quoth the lady, "So am I!"

Said the gentleman, "I have sometimes thought of marrying!"

"So have I," responded the latter.

Then a pause ensued.

"Suppose," said the gentleman, "we were to marry one another—I would love and cherish."

"I," said the fair one, "would honor and obey."

In two days they were married. Few will admire such a precipitous courtship; it is altogether too short.





A THANKSGIVING DREAM OF HOME.—SEE PAGE 186.



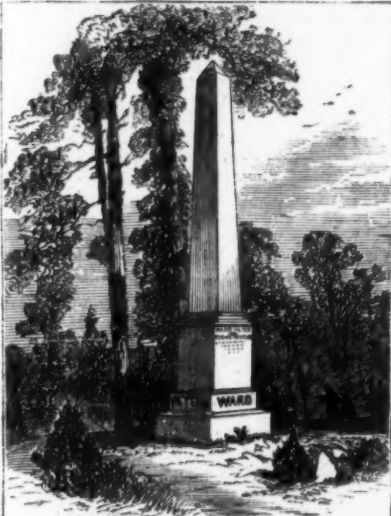
Views of the Woodlawn Cemetery, on the Harlem Railroad, Westchester County, New York.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETERY.



SYLVAN DELL POND, RUSTIC LODGE, AND THE BOLTON MONUMENT.



THE PETERS MONUMENT.



ENTRANCE POND AND FOUNTAIN—VIEW FROM THE HARLEM RAILROAD.



THE HALL MONUMENT.



THE JEROME TOMB.

The Woodlawn Cemetery—A Visit to the Earthly Homes of the Dead.

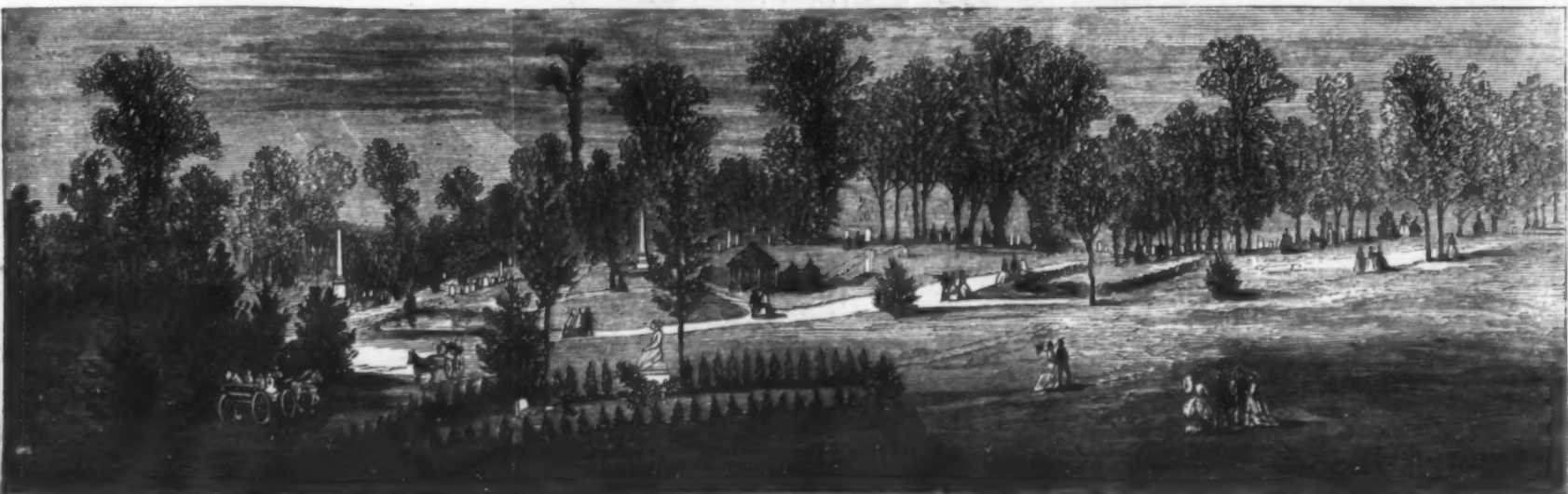
Among the holiest attributes of human nature, is that pure sentiment that prompts the living to adorn the graves of the dead. From the hour when the first mother wept over the remains of her second-born, affection, paying its tribute to the memory of departed kindred, has sought to associate the resting-place of the loved ashes with something beautiful of nature or of art. In this country, especially within the past decade, the sacred task of embellishing the Cities of the Silent has been fulfilled by many communities with all the earnestness that a labor of love and

solemn duty can inspire. In the vicinity of our great metropolis, with its ceaseless noise and movement of active life, there are several vast and beautiful abodes of death, along whose quiet paths it is a melancholy pleasure to wander, communing at once with rural charms, with monumental beauty, and with the spirit of sanctity and repose that inhabits such a spot.

The Woodlawn Cemetery, of which we publish to-day a few of the many charming views embraced within its area, is the most promising, although the newest of the cemeteries in the neighborhood of New York city. It is delightfully situated on the west bank of the Bronx, about seven miles from Harlem Bridge. It embraces over three hundred acres of rolling su-



THE RECEIVING TOMB.



GENERAL CENTRAL VIEW FROM CROWN GROVE PLOT.



face, lying along one of those picturesque slopes of woodland in the beautiful valley just beyond Williams' Bridge. Nature has adorned the spot with magnificent trees and a clear streamlet, which have been tastefully used for the enhancement of artificial embellishment.

Woodlawn is so remarkably pleasant of access, and is so easily reached by railway, that, with its attractive scenery, it is, apart from the mournful uses to which it is devoted, a popular place of resort for visitors who court the stillness and seclusion of a sequestered and lovely rural haunt. Funeral parties, with the remains of the dead, are conveyed by special trains in thirty-five minutes from any of the city stations on the Harlem railroad to the main entrance of the cemetery. By contract made with the railway company, separate cars can be chartered for this purpose, at reduced prices, and at convenient hours, while the cost of carriage-hire at both ends of the route may often be avoided, and, when incurred, is much less than that required to convey the same parties to Greenwood.

One of the features of Woodlawn, adopted on part of the ground, is the Landscape Lawn Plan. It is claimed that the chief fault in the old style cemeteries is too much ornamentation of individual lots, with disregard to the general effect. The Landscape Lawn Plan aims rather to form a consistent whole than to secure the adornment of particular spots; in fact, by obtaining all the landscape effect possible, to make a beautiful and pleasing picture. From the annual report of the Trustees for the year 1867, we extract the following statement of the means adopted to attain this end:

"All visible boundaries between the lots, as well as headstones, foot-stones, and monuments, are prohibited. Rectangular gravel-paths, very suitable and proper in flower-gardens, but evidently out of place here, are abolished, and the planning is all kept under the control of the cemetery, and made subservient to the general plan.

"Iron fences and stone enclosures, lofty and dense hedges, stone posts connected by iron chains or bars, head-stones and foot-stones, are neither beautiful in themselves, nor are they necessary, and where mingled indiscriminately, obstructing the view in every direction, they cannot but mar the beauty of the landscape.

"These formidable barriers enclosing burial lots are not only expensive, costing from several hundreds to several thousands of dollars, but they are unnecessary as well, and originating probably from the necessity of protecting the remains of the dead from the ravages of animals, have unhappily survived their original purpose. As now built, they are ineffectual as a barrier against either man or beast, and since the introduction of large rural cemeteries, where the whole grounds are enclosed and protected, they are manifestly no longer required.

"Our regulations exhibit the mode by which we propose to mark the boundaries of lots.

"Mounds over graves, originating from the simple fact that the earth excavated could not be replaced after the interment was made, and also serving as a rude means of marking the spot, are unnecessary. These mounds, by interfering with the use of the scythe, soon become covered with rank grass and weeds, and are thus rendered more unsightly than they originally were.

"A simple marble or granite tablet, laid horizontally at the head of the grave, and even with the surface of the ground, is not only more tasteful, but is also a more effectual method of marking the spot of interment.

"By thus abolishing mounds and fences, both of which are unsightly and unnecessary, the grounds may be made to assume a park-like appearance, showing here and there, between groups of trees and interspersed shrubbery, extensive lawns, the view of which, there being no obstructions, can be kept like a velvet, while they will be unbroken save by monuments, which, as a general thing, be all the more costly and beautiful, on account of the very considerable item saved to the lot owner, by the restriction on lot enclosures.

"At Woodlawn, the part of the grounds devoted to this plan lies south and west of the dense belt of woods, which separates the present improved portion from the rest of the cemetery; and we regard ourselves as peculiarly fortunate in this respect, as this natural subdivision enables us to develop both plans, without danger that the one may interfere with the other, and also without inconvenience to the public, there being a superabundance of choice situations for burial plots in the present improved grounds for such as prefer the old plan.

"The two plans being thus carried on in close proximity, yet completely separate, and, undoubtedly the one which develops the truer taste will eventually, by the powerful influence of example, supersede the other, without the necessity of regulations."

We cannot hope, in our graveyards, to give more than a faint idea of the beautiful views that on every side attract the gaze of the visitor at Woodlawn Cemetery. Those who have leisure will find it well employed in viewing a pleasant autumn day to a quiet ramble over that hallowed ground. The careworn toiler of the great metropolis, wandering there over hill and dale, or pensively gazing at the golden leaves strewn on the bosom of the brook, might well exclaim:

If such His will,  
Let me be buried here, and lose my life in hope  
Of what no eye hath seen, nor heart or mind conceived;  
And let the fragrance of sweet-scented shrubs and flowers,  
And songs of birds—the purest things of earth and sea—

Protract the semblance of the worship and the praise,  
Which, by His grace, my soul is taught in life to give  
To Him, who made this world a type, so beautiful,  
Of that to come.

Then when the trumpet shall sound, to wake  
The cities of the dead, I ask no higher bliss,  
Than that of all the redeemed here, of every name,  
Whose life of faith, on earth, was "hid with Christ in God."

### A Dream of Home on Thanksgiving Day.

Our country, from its birth, has ever had great cause to be thankful to God for His bounty and blessings in property, and, no less, for His safe guidance through dangers and calamity. But never more earnestly than now, with consciousness of the Divine goodness and mercy, have the people of our favored Republic been prompted by every emotion of gratitude to acknowledge the beneficence of the Most High. Through the ordeal of civil strife we have passed purified, as gold from the crucible; and with a stronger faith in our republicanism, and a better founded hope for the future, we can look forward with a renewed confidence to a career of peace and happiness under the vindicated principles of our nationality.

But, as the social sentiment associated with Thanksgiving Day is that which is perhaps most closely identified with the occasion, the picture that we present in its commemoration is simply a study from the book of human nature. How many a struggling and toiling daily bread, or for the fulfillment of youthful aspirations, far from the home of their childhood, will realize the story told by the artist's pencil! In a strange city, beset by disappoinment, weary, yet bravely stemming the adverse tide, the wanderer has eaten his scant Thanksgiving Dinner alone with his memories of the past. In his dream he is again a boy beneath the roof of the old home. His heart turns in fondness to the well-remembered scene of Thanksgiving at home. He meets his mother's loving (and) benevolent smile, rather than the stern gaze of the stern board. The whole family group is in his dream, radiant with happy faces—and he awakes to find himself alone.

### LONG AGO.

As through the poplar's gusty spire  
The March wind sweeps and sings,  
I sit beside the hollow fire,  
And dream familiar things:  
Old memories wake, faint echoes make  
A murmur of dead Springs.

Ah, days when life had aim and meaning,  
What buried years ago!  
When friend—no shadow intervening—  
Was friend, and foe was foe;  
When life had youth, and love had truth,  
And heart had faith to show.

Somewhere now woods are green and tender;  
Somewhere hedgerows are filled  
With buds; somewhere, if winds befriend her,  
The thrush begins to build;  
Somewhere no fears has Spring, no tears  
For hopes that March has killed.

Sing, thrush, your songs of praise and passion;  
Fill all the budding wood  
With music of that bygone fashion  
My youth so understood!  
Now I am old, the world's grown cold,  
And God alone is good.

### DUEL FIGHTING. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

#### SECOND CHAPTER.

We resume the adventures of the Marquis de Lignano and his most particular and intimate friend, Lucien Claveau.

One summer's evening, toward seven o'clock, and at the moment when the inhabitants of Bordeaux turn out of doors to breathe the cool refreshing air, at the close of some sultry day, the Marquis de Lignano, accompanied by a couple of his creatures, took up a position in the Rue Sainte-Catherine, at the corner of the gallery. The marquis was elegantly dressed and delicately gloved, according to his habit, and carried in his hand a thin flexible switch, with which he played like a man who is happy and contented with himself. From time to time, however, he showed signs of impatience, and, eventually, abruptly quitted his position at the angle of two streets, and going into the middle of the road, gazed for a minute or two in the direction of the Place de la Comedie. Evidently disappointed in his expectations, he returned to his two comrades, exchanged a few words with them, and resumed his scrutiny. After a few turns backward and forward, the Marquis again approached his acolytes, and said to them in an undertone:

"Now, pay particular attention; here comes my man."

The individual whom the marquis styled his man, was a distinguished-looking personage, young, handsome, and well dressed, and was engaged in humming a lively tune while leisurely pursuing his way, apparently indifferent to everything around. He was much surprised when, at a few yards from the corner of the street, our bully advanced toward him and saluted him with mock politeness. The young man stopped suddenly, but, before he had time to speak, the marquis, holding out his switch on a level with his knees, said to him:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but give yourself the trouble to jump over this."

The young man looked hard at his interrupter for a moment, then smiled, and jumped over the switch, and, still smiling, went his way, fully believing the marquis to be a lunatic. This mistake simply saved his life. The marquis on his part, stupefied at the charming complacency shown by the young man in so readily acquiescing in his demand, became furious. His design had signally failed, and might fail a second, and even a third time. Under any circumstances all had to be gone through again, and as it was necessary that he should select his intended victim, he had to wait before he could renew his experiment.

At length the wished-for moment arrived. While the marquis was looking toward the Place de la Comedie, he observed, some distance off, a young officer of the garrison advancing along the footpath. This time it was more than probable something serious would result, and the marquis therefore made a sign to his friends, so that they might be prepared for any emergency. Each moment brought the officer nearer to these three scoundrels. He proved to be a young man about five-and-twenty years of age, who was already a captain, and consequently carried his head high. With his left hand resting on the hilt of his sword, he strolled along, with that easy carelessness which is the soldier's privilege under all circumstances.

When he had arrived within a few yards of the marquis, the latter advanced toward him with his accustomed air of politeness, and holding out his switch as he had done before, repeated his invitation in these terms:

"Monsieur le Capitaine, be kind enough to jump over this switch."

The officer halted and haughtily surveyed the insolent individual before him from head to foot, at first without the slightest symptom of anger, but also without fear—in truth, he was not quite certain that he had not a madman to deal with. When the marquis observed this temporary hesitation, he saw the officer was prepared to resist him, and believing he had found the man he wanted, drew himself up, and in a haughty tone ordered him to jump forthwith. Indignant at this insolent provocation, the officer thought the proper thing to do was to send the switch with a kick into the middle of the road, and then to soundly box the marquis's ears. The latter, on being struck more than once, danced about and stormed, and his rage prevented him from uttering a single intelligible word. Meanwhile his two accomplices endeavored to appease him, for a crowd had collected around. The young officer, who had not lost his composure for a moment,

having given his address, prepared to elbow his way through the throng, seemingly utterly indifferent to the scrape in which he had thoughtlessly involved himself.

The following day, about eight o'clock in the morning, the Marquis de Lignano and his two seconds repaired to a little wood in the commune of Pessac, quite close to Bordeaux, where they found their adversary of the night before, who had brought with him two officers and the doctor of his regiment. It had been arranged that the duel should be fought with the small-sword, and on the part of the marquis, it had been stipulated that slight wounds were not to count, and that the contest should only terminate when one of them had fallen. In short, enough blood was required to wipe out the injuries which the marquis considered he had sustained.

According to the universally recognized code of the duel, from the moment when the seconds place the swords in the hands of the two adversaries, each combatant, no matter what may be the reason that has brought them face to face, is alike sacred against insult on the part of the other. The Marquis de Lignano, nevertheless, had the insolence to hold out his switch again in front of his adversary, and to say to him:

"Monsieur le Capitaine, there is yet time. Will you jump now?"

"Sir," replied the officer, coldly, "he who insults his adversary on the ground is a contemptible scoundrel!"

"You will not jump then? Well, all the worse for you;" and with a rapid movement he drew his switch across the officer's face.

The marquis's seconds laughed; as to the officer's seconds and the doctor, they reddened with indignation at having to do with such scum of society.

The two opponents took up their positions. The marquis was a peculiar, but not a first-rate swordsman. In order, therefore, that he might finish off his adversary as quickly as possible, he sought to tire him during the first two or three minutes, harassing him with all manner of feints, until, overcome with fatigue, he should lay himself open to an easy thrust. Watching his opportunity, the marquis gave a terrible lunge, which drove his sword right through the unfortunate officer's body. The unhappy man reeled back on the grass. The doctor placed his hand upon his heart and found it had already ceased to beat.

The dead man's seconds, overcome with grief, grasped his hand for the last time; they were both friends of his long standing. One of them, kneeling down, was about to close the vacant eyes, when Lignano touched him on the shoulder, and repeated in his ear the sinister words:

"Monsieur, will you jump?"

The latter looked for a moment at the marquis, and without replying, seized the sword upon which the corpse of his friend had fallen, and at once placed himself in position. At the end of some seconds, during which the officer had shown much useless resolution, he received a sword-thrust in the breast, and rolled expiring on the ground. He had, however, a few minutes yet to live.

The doctor quitted the dead man to hasten to the wounded one, and called the other second to his assistance, but Lignano, now grown infuriated, threw himself in the unhappy man's way, and was about to repeat his offensive proposal for the third time. He was, however, saved the trouble.

"I understand you," calmly observed the officer, seizing his comrade's sword, and placing himself face to face with the terrible marquis. Some seconds later he sank down in his blood.

Only the doctor now remained. Would any human being credit it, the blood-stained bully, brutal as he naturally was, was rendered positively fiendlike by the intoxication of the slaughter which he had already perpetrated, and longed for more blood to shed? Addressing himself to the doctor in a tone of command, he required him to jump over the switch.

The doctor did not hesitate. He did what most other men would have done in his place. He jumped over the switch, and by so doing was able to continue his attentions to two wounded men, and to save the life of one of them.

The intimacy which existed between the Marquis de Lignano and Lucien Claveau, instead of growing weaker after the last sanguinary freak, seemed to constitute itself on an entirely new basis, and to assume the proportions of a sincere and lasting friendship, if one may dare thus to degrade the term. They were always to be seen together, riveted as it were to the factitious attachment which they professed to feel for each other, like a couple of galley slaves united by the same chains. At last they took to inhabiting the same suite of rooms, as though each wanted to have the other constantly in reach. It would be difficult to explain friendship between two men so utterly opposed to each other on the score of birth, education, and manners, for the Marquis de Lignano, spite of his misdeeds, had always kept up the outward appearance of a man born and brought up in good society, whereas Lucien Claveau was of obscure origin, brusque in manners, and deficient in education. His handsome face and muscular figure were, moreover, strikingly in contrast with the marquis's repulsive features and feeble frame. We have mentioned that the pair lived together in the same suite of apartments, but omitted to state that they occupied the same sleeping-room, in which each had, of course, his separate bed.

One summer's morning, long after the hour at which the two friends usually quitted their bedroom, the man-servant who waited upon them both, hearing nothing whatever of either of his masters, began to feel rather uneasy. His orders were never to disturb them, but always to wait until he was summoned. Accustomed to their irregular mode of life, he was not in the habit of sitting up for them of an evening, still he always knew, on entering the sitting-room the next day,

either by some directions written in pencil, or by some clothes being placed there for him to brush, whether or not the two friends were at home. Now on that morning he had found, according to custom, a short penciled note, which proved that the pair had returned over-night. How then was the continued silence in their bedroom to be accounted for? Like a good and faithful servant, he had of course applied his ear to the door, and his eye to the keyhole, and had, moreover, turned the handle, and found the door to be locked on the inside. As the day advanced he grew alarmed, and proceeded to force the door. Entering the room on tiptoe, he felt somewhat reassured when, on leaning over each bed, he saw by the dim light which penetrated through the closed shutters, that his masters were to all appearance peacefully sleeping. He was about to retire as he had entered, with the greatest caution, when his foot struck against something, that gave forth a ringing sound as it rolled along the floor. He had evidently kicked against a sword.

A frightful suspicion crossed the valet's mind. Without losing a moment he groped his way to the window, threw open the shutters, and saw at a glance that the room was in a frightful state of disorder. Clothes were strewn about, furniture was overturned, candlesticks, vases, and various knick-knacks scattered over the floor, while by the side of each bed was a sword, the bloody stains on which too clearly indicated that a desperate encounter, a horrible and deadly struggle, had taken place between these men, who, as if in bitter derision of their miserable destiny, reposed side by side like two brothers under the same roof.

At the sight of all this havoc the valet uttered a terrified cry, on hearing which the marquis and Lucien, both of whom had appeared dead, rose up, at the same instant, in their beds. Both were ghastly pale; their bloodstained shirts were torn to rags; their chests punctured with wounds; the right arm of one was dreadfully hacked, while the neck of the other showed a series of gashes menacing to contemplate. Spite, however, of all the pain they were enduring, spite, too, of their weakness, and of the burning fever which consumed them, they preserved their sitting posture, glaring at each other out of their glassy-looking eyes, enfeebled it is true, but still not vanquished. So long as they had sufficient strength left them to injure, they would continue to defy each other with proud disdain.

They remained thus for several seconds. Suddenly Lucien Claveau, overcome by some painful impression, fell heavily back and gave vent to a loud sob. At this cry of despair the marquis bounded on his bed, as though he had been shot; a shrill, sinister laugh escaped from his thin ghost-like lips.

"Oh, you are crying, are you?" said he, in a firm voice; "then you confess yourself vanquished, and I can now pronounce you to be a coward?"

At the word "coward" it was Lucien's turn to spring up, and the valet, sole witness of this frightful scene, had to keep him from throwing himself upon the marquis.

"I, a coward!" cried Claveau, held firmly back by the servant; "a coward! Ah, I have committed my share of crimes, been guilty of countless follies, have possibly rendered many persons unhappy, but never has a living soul been entitled to say that Lucien Claveau was a coward, and feared to face danger, even though death might be the result. You, marquis, are a far greater villain than I am, for you are incapable of repentance and impotent for good. A moment ago, when I was looking at you, covered with wounds, I forgot my own sufferings, of which you are the cause, and I forgave you, and felt a real pity for you, which found vent in the first tears I have shed for many years. And yet you laugh at me, and taunt me, and still dare to laugh at all I am saying. You are incapable of understanding a heart that can repent and forgive. Well, know that I again hate and despise you. You have styled me a coward. Wounded as we both are, we have neither of us strength sufficient to hold a sword; still both of us ought not to remain alive. We are only a few paces distant from each other. Have you sufficient strength to hold a pistol?"

The marquis made a movement, and replied:

"Ah, I understand you, a duel with pistols, and then we shall have done with each other. Joseph," said he, addressing the servant, who was pale with fright, "take those two pistols on the mantelpiece, load them before our eyes, and hand one to each of us, then give the signal; or, better still," said he, turning with evident pain toward his adversary, "let us draw lots who shall blow the other's brains out."

"So be it," answered Claveau. "Joseph, you have heard what has passed; load one of the pistols."

Joseph made a pretense of going out to execute the orders which he had received. No sooner, however, did he find himself on the other side of the bedroom-door than he quietly locked it, and ran off to a doctor, into whose hands Lucien and the marquis were compelled to resign themselves. Their cases required perfect quiet.

Lucien was conveyed by his friends to the house of a distant relative, a widow lady, with several children. Assisted by her eldest daughter, a kind, simple country girl, she attended him with so much care, that Claveau recovered. His heart was touched, he spoke of marriage, promising a thorough reformation of his former course of life; and he did marry. To enable him to withdraw himself completely from all association with his old companions, it was decided that he and his young wife should leave Bordeaux, if only for a time. But just before they left, chance brought them, in spite of all precautions, face to face with the Marquis de Lignano, who accosted Lucien, saying:

"I had heard that you were convalescent; but have always maintained the contrary. You are a coward as I have pronounced you to be."



believe you coward enough to hide yourself behind a petticoat."

Lucien Claveau merely, replying "Never mind," passed on.

The marquis followed, and again hissed his taunt into Lucien's ear.

The excitement consequent upon this meeting kept Lucien's wife awake that night, and next day she was too ill to leave her room. Her husband sat moodily by her bedside, until the afternoon, when, finding that she dozed off to sleep, he determined to go to Bordeaux and exact revenge. Chafing with anger, he hastened to the café which Lignano was in the habit of frequenting, rushed up the stairs, and disregarding the salutations of several of his old acquaintances who advanced to greet him after his long absence, made straight for the table at which his enemy was seated. The marquis immediately rose.

"Well, here I am," said Lucien, savagely, and hardly able to restrain himself from clutching Lignano by the throat.

"Bah!" said the marquis, contemptuously. "Go back to your petticoat; you are too great a coward for my notice."

Lucien seized him by the coat-collar with one hand and by the skirts with the other, carried him to the open window, and held him over the balcony, then said coldly to him:

"If you do not ask my pardon, and withdraw your words, I shall let you drop."

"The marquis, in the grip of an adversary whom he knew to be thoroughly unrelenting, had nevertheless the audacity, or it may be the courage, to reply:

"If you are simply acting, and do not intend to let me drop, you are a coward."

At that moment an old servant of Lucien's, who had made his way on to the balcony, whispered something into his master's ear, whereupon Lucien instantly carried the marquis back into the apartment and released hold of him. Hardly was the marquis upon his feet again before he sprang toward Lucien, and dealt him a sharp blow in the face. To the surprise of those present, Lucien Claveau offered no kind of response to this new insult, and the marquis retired, saying:

"To-morrow, wherever you please."

Madame Claveau, on awakening after her husband's departure, had been seized with fainting fits, and was become delirious. Claveau held a brief conversation with a couple of acquaintances, and then quitting the café in company with the old man who had been sent to look for him, drove with all speed home. In little more than half an hour he was at his wife's bedside; calmed by the sight of him, she slept. When she woke up in the middle of the night Claveau was still watching over her. After conversing affectionately with him for upward of an hour, she gradually dozed off again, and Claveau, so soon as she was sound asleep, stealthily left the house, and proceeded on foot to Bordeaux to a rendezvous, which he had arranged with two of his friends at the café, on the preceding afternoon.

He was first at the appointed spot, but had not long to wait, for his two seconds shortly afterward arrived, and, following close upon them, came the marquis, accompanied by his seconds.

During several minutes these two men fought with considerable ardor; they developed all their more cunning tricks, and each endeavored, in accordance with the approved rules of fence, neatly to spit the other upon his sword's point. While the engagement was thus proceeding, Lucien, still pressing his adversary closely, said to him:

"You gave me a blow yesterday with your fist; as yet I have not deigned to return it, but I intend doing so before I send you, as I shortly shall, to your last home."

The pair were still in close conflict with each other, when Lucien rapidly passed his sword under his left arm, and, at the same moment, dealt the marquis a violent blow in the face. Then, regaining hold of his weapon, he assumed a defensive position before Lignano had time to recover himself, for the blow he had received had sent him reeling to the ground. This daring feat, the most audacious, perhaps, that has ever occurred in a duel, astounded the seconds. The marquis was beside himself, and in a fit of rage, sprang with raised sword upon Lucien Claveau, who calmly and confidently awaited his onslaught.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said he, "we are now quits."

The marquis renewed his furious attacks again and again, but always to find himself foiled. Presently, by a rapid movement, Lucien disarmed the marquis, then thrusting his own sword downward, pinned him by his right foot to the ground. After a few seconds Lucien drew his sword out and handed the marquis his own weapon.

The seconds came forward; Lignano made vain efforts to continue standing upon both feet.

"It is useless," said the seconds to him; "it is quite impossible that you can go on."

"Glaring at his adversary with a savage expression, he said to him:

"It is not over yet. I have still the chance of putting a bullet through your head."

The pistols were loaded. The impetuous marquis, regardless of the pain he was enduring, hobbled along until he arrived at the point where he was compelled to halt; he was then ten paces distant from Claveau, who had not advanced a single step, and who remained immovable while he received the marquis's fire.

"It is now my turn," said he, and advancing five paces toward the marquis, he deliberately took aim at him.

"Claveau," exclaimed one of the seconds, "this will never do; it is nothing less than murder."

Lucien turned round and faced him.

"Look here," said he, pointing to a hole in his shirt, at the shoulder, from which drops of blood

were oozing, showing that his opponent's ball had taken effect.

The next moment he fired, and the marquis fell with his face to the ground. When they raised him he was dead; the ball had pierced his forehead and entered the brain.

Lucien, after having had his wound dressed (it was but a graze) hastened back to his wife's bedside to find that, alarmed anew at his second absence, she had relapsed. At night she was in the utmost danger.

Next morning, while Claveau had gone to steal a few minutes' rest in an adjacent chamber, a commissary of police arrived at the house to arrest him on information furnished by one of the marquis's seconds. This new shock killed his wife. Lucien, in the bitterness of his grief, threw himself upon her lifeless form, and was only removed from it with difficulty. Then, assuming an air of calmness, he said he was ready, and the next moment, as if by some sudden thought, seized one of a pair of pistols which were always kept loaded, on the top of a small cabinet, and placing it to his ear, disposed with his own hand of the last of the Bordeaux duellists.

### A Climbing Adventure.

WHEN I was at Cambridge (not so very long ago), I was renowned among the members of that ancient university for my proficiency in gymnastics of every kind. It was an amusement of which I was particularly fond, and to which I gave myself up heart and soul; and in consequence, though by no means a big man, I acquired a hardness of muscle, and a degree of confidence and presence of mind in dangerous situations, which have since frequently stood me in good stead. When the time came for me to leave college, and settle down quietly as a curate in a certain cathedral town in the north of England, I did not give up my old amusement; and at one time, great scandal was caused in the place by a report that a curate of St. Bones had been seen depending by his toes from a horizontal bar in his garden, and in that inverted position nursing his baby—for I was the fortunate possessor of such an article, having taken a wife and my B. A. degree much about the same time. But my favorite relaxation, when I had an hour or two to spare, and the sun was not too hot, was to obtain access, by a small fee to the verger, to the roof of the huge old cathedral, and (having previously divested myself of my long coat and spotless tie) to light a cigar, and have a good ramble and scramble all by myself.

What a place that old cathedral roof was! It was like another and distinct world from that below—a world consisting of rocks and stones, without vegetation and without water (except when it had been raining, and the gutters were full, in which case it became a very unpleasant world indeed), just such a place as I have always fancifully imagined the moon to be. I looked upon it as my particular kingdom, where I reigned in solitary grandeur, with the rooks and martins for my subjects; and very noisy and abusive subjects they were at times. How I delighted—the more, perhaps, from a certain schoolboyish sensation, that my rector would be very cross if he knew my excursions—in the tall gray towers, up which you had to climb by means of great grinning stone heads, plump chorubs, scaly dragons, and leaden pipes; in the view from the top of these towers, extending over enormous stretches of pleasant country as far as the sea; in the broad gutter running down the middle of the building, where, if you were provident enough to bring a campstool, you might sit and rest in the shade of the lofty sloping roofs which arose on either hand, and see nothing but the blue sky and the swallows; and in the scramble up one of these roofs, to look down the other side into the quiet cathedral close, one hundred and twenty feet below, where there was nothing visible except occasionally a crawling black spot like an ant, which, however, was not an ant, but a canon.

It was during one of these expeditions that the incident which I am about to mention, and which cured me for some months of my love for climbing, occurred. I must premise that round the outside of the cathedral, where the roof ended, there ran a ledge of about a foot broad. Below this, at some distance, and directly above the great doors, was an immense stone bracket, which had at one time supported a colossal statue of St. Peter, bearing a large iron lamp. This statue, however, had been hurled down by the iconoclastic followers of Oliver Cromwell, and nothing was left but the lamp, which was secured to the wall by two stout iron bars. One side of the lamp had been rusted or broken away, so as to present the appearance of an arm-chair without legs; and as I stood on the ledge above, looking at it, it struck me that it would be rather an exciting novelty to let myself down into it and rest, while I smoked a cigar. Without a moment's hesitation, I turned round, knelt down, took a firm grasp of the ledge, and in a second was dangling in the air about a hundred feet from the ground. On looking down at the lamp, I found I was not exactly above it; in fact, I was quite two feet further out than I had imagined; but this did not cause me much uneasiness. Giving myself a slight impetus by striking my foot against the wall, I swung out, and dropped neatly over the side of the lamp into the desired resting-place.

I sat there some time, kicking my heels, and smoking, and enjoying the delicious coolness of the evening air at such a height; and the sun was beginning to set before I thought it time to be moving, especially as I had noticed one or two persons stopping to look up at me, and quite a little crowd beginning to collect in the close to gaze at the strange spectacle of a man sitting in St. Peter's lamp.

"Hallo!" thought I, "I must think about go-

ing. Somebody will be finding out who I am, and then there will be a nice to-do;" when it suddenly flashed upon me that "going" would be a very ticklish process. I was seated in a kind of chair that seemed as if it had been made to fit me; I could not get either leg up, in order to stand upright in the lamp, for the seat was too narrow, and the sides were in the way. I could not help myself up by these sides, for they were smooth iron, afforded no grasp, and were too high for me to reach the top.

I saw at once what was the only thing to be done; I must rest my hands behind me on the edge of the seat, let myself go over the edge, and then raise myself up backward by my arms alone, with my legs tucked under me, until I could place my feet between my hands. Now, this was a trick which I had been accustomed to perform over and over again on the horizontal bar; but then any gymnast will be aware how delicate an operation it is, and what a strain it exerts on the muscles, and how the least catch, or the slightest "give" of one arm or wrist, will cause you to collapse altogether, and hurl you instantaneously in a heap on the mattress beneath. Moreover, there is a great difference between a horizontal bar ten feet from the ground, with something soft underneath it, and an iron lamp on the side of a cathedral, with nearly a hundred feet of space for you to tumble through on to a pavement of small round flint pebbles. The more I looked at it, the less I liked it; and there I sat, smiling feebly down at the crowd in the close, which was growing larger every moment, ashamed to shout for assistance, and to let them see what a fright I was in.

"Well," I said to myself, "if I sit here much longer, I shall be good for nothing. It's ridiculous to lose one's head like this, and have to be fetched down like a child that has got on a high shelf, not to speak of the row there will be if it comes to the ears of the rector of St. Bones and his congregation. Here goes! I'll shut my eyes, and think I'm at work in the old gymnasium at Cambridge."

It was all over in a minute—and standing up in the lamp, I was wondering how I could have been so foolish, when, to my horror, I perceived that the worst part had yet to be got over. On raising my hands to grasp the upper ledge, I found that it was quite a foot and a half out of my reach! In vain I strained, and stood on tiptoe; it was all of no use; and I began to think I was condemned to pass the night where I was, which was anything but a pleasant reflection; for the seat was so narrow, that I had only kept my place by sitting well back; whereas, if I were to go to sleep (which I should have been almost certain to do), the chances were, that I should topple forward, and be picked up dead next morning in the close.

At this moment I was delighted at the appearance of the verger on the ledge above. He had missed me, and had come to find me.

"Jackson," said I, stopping the torrent of ejaculations which he had begun to pour forth, "I'm in a great fix; I can't reach that ledge, and you must help me. It will be of no use your getting a rope; the ledge is too narrow to give you sufficient purchase in hauling up; whereas, if you stoop and give me your hand, you will be able to exert your whole strength, and raise me. You are a strong man, and I am not particularly heavy."

"I'm sure I could never lift you, sir," he replied.

"My good man," returned I, "you must. I can't stop here all night; and besides, if this gets about, I shall have to leave the place to-morrow. Come, no nonsense; give me your hand."

Thus urged, Jackson unwillingly crouched down on the ledge, and held out his hand. I grasped him tight round the wrist with both mine, and swung out into the air. I felt two or three convulsive jerks, and then was raised about half a foot, and lowered again. He could not lift me!

I looked up. Such a face as met my gaze I never wish to see again. He was lividly white, his eyes protruded, and were staring with a look of unutterable horror into the awful gulf below; and the perspiration stood on his forehead.

"Let go!" he screamed. "Curse you; let go! You are breaking my arm. I am coming over. I shall be dashed to pieces. Oh!"

He screamed and wept like a child, in the extremity of his fear. My hair stood up, and my head swam. I expected to feel myself sweeping through the air every moment. My despair gave me calmness; and I was almost astonished at the coherence and clearness with which I spoke.

"Jackson," said I, "listen to me, and stop that row. I can feel you are coming over—further every second. If I let go, I shall be killed—if I don't, so shall we both; and I swear I won't let go as long as I can hold on, so you had better lift me at once."

I saw him set his teeth, and shut his eyes—then came a tremendous heave—and I found myself kneeling on the ledge, with Jackson lying in a dead faint beside me. I got him down through the trap-door and into the chapter-room, and gave him some water; but it was a long time before either of us got over our adventure.

It was three months before I was on the cathedral roof again, and then you may be sure I did not smoke a cigar in St. Peter's lamp. The affair was considerably noised abroad by the local press and by the tongue of rumor; but, owing to the discretion of Jackson, who represented the daring climber as a gentleman from London, who had left no name, public curiosity was disappointed, the rector of St. Bones and the dean of the cathedral were kept in the dark, and I retain my curacy and my love for gymnastics, until it shall please somebody to present me to a living, when it is probable that an increased sense of dignity, and a less sylph-like habit of body, will do away with all tendency to climb.

Why are swallows like a leap head over heels? Because they are a summer-set (a summer-set).

The Late Baron James Rothschild, of Paris, France.

BARON JAMES ROTHSCHILD, the head of the famous Continental Banking House of Paris, which has branches in all the principal cities of Europe, died at his residence in Paris, on Sunday, November 15th. He was the youngest and only surviving son of the founder of the House—Meyer Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, and was born May 5, 1792.

In 1812, he removed from Vienna, and took up his residence in Paris; and was, a few years later, appointed Consul-General for Austria in France.

During the early years of his life in the French Empire he was interested in railroad affairs to a great extent, and was noted for the boldness of his speculations. After the great famine of 1847 he was charged with having caused much of the suffering of that time by his transactions, and became very unpopular with the people, so that in 1848, when the revolution broke out, a portion of his property, the Castle of Suresnes, was sacked by the populace. He was married, late in life, to his niece, the daughter of his brother Solomon. He founded several Jewish charitable institutions during his life, and gave large sums of money at various times to other like institutions.

In Paris he was known, on account of his frequent dealings with crowned heads, as "*Le pretre des rois*," "The King's Money-lender," and is supposed to have been worth at the time of his death nearly \$500,000,000.

His title of Baron was received from Austria. The Austrian Emperor conferred on each of the brothers a patent of nobility with the title of Baron of the Empire, on account of the promptness and courtesy with which they responded to Metternich's application for a loan in 1813.

### AMERICAN BABIES ABROAD.

The London *Spectator*, speaking of "Baby Travelers," says he can distinguish their nationality at first glance, and proceeds to characterize the American Baby on its travels in this wise:

"We would undertake in any hotel on the Continent to tell the nationality of any child by the arrangements made for his or her food, and by his or her relations to the servants. There is the American child, first, whose position is the simplest and easiest conceivable. She, if above three years of age, is 'grown-up,' paid for as any other guest, entitled to the same privileges, displaying the same entire independence of any kind of control, and evincing all the curious national contempt for servants of all grades. An American child of four in a Swiss hotel is perfectly capable of ordering a *petit verre* after dinner, and if she did, would get it without the slightest interference from mamma, or the governess, or indeed any human being, except possibly the waiter, who would speedily be brought to a due sense of his position and responsibilities."

"Dining at Zurich, a few days since, the writer noticed a perfect specimen of the kind. She was a bright-eyed, fair-haired little thing, probably seven years old, but in appearance scarcely five, who marched into the room with the air of mingled curiosity and pomp so common in sharp children, made way for her father, a grave man of fifty, but calmly ordered her mother to take another chair. Mamma had seated herself outside her husband, and baby intended to sit between her and the governess. This arrangement accomplished, and a waiter who proffered a high chair summarily sent into disgrace, baby unfolded her napkin, read the menu carefully, remarked that she liked sweets, and gravely went in for dinner. Of ten or twelve dishes, that child tasted every one, insisted on a separate glass of claret, and at last fixed the affections of her over-ruled little person on some cheese-cakes. First she ate her own share. Then she sidled up to her governess, remarked in American that she had not had half enough, and in French, that the lady opposite was clearly English; and, under cover of her chatter, quietly stole and bolted the poor woman's cheese-cakes. Then she turned to her mother; but her mother had passed the dish, and we thought she was at the end of her resources. Not a bit of it. In the shrillest and calmest of tones she ordered the head waiter, then about fifty feet off, to bring papa some more cheese-cakes, 'clutched three, and putting one on the governess's plate—either out of a theory of restitution, as we hope, or an idea of making her an accomplice, as we fear—bolted the other two, and then nudged her mother for admiration."

"With insignificant variations of circumstance she was the typical American female child as encountered in Switzerland, the most independent, self-helpful, greedy little imp alive. Male children from that continent, we are bound to say, are different, their main characteristics being portentous gravity, and a certain slow, but real politeness wonderful to behold. Outside the *table d'hôte* all self-restraint seems to be thrown off, balconies are turned into play-rooms, passages into racetracks, till the entire building seems given over to shrill-voiced, dyspeptic, high-spirited little imp, who in an hour or so attract to their sides a cosmopolitan assembly of all colors and ages, make them all as wicked as themselves, and we are bound to add, rule them all with the most serene aplomb."

A BATHING SCENE.—For a dirty people—and no one who has any regard for truth will for a moment contend that the Manillans are anythin' else—the men and women of Manila wash or bathe oftener than any other people I ever saw. They delight in water, but have a horror of soap, and do not use it when they can manage to let it escape their memory. Every evening, after the sun has sunk down behind the hills in the west, and before the light of day has entirely faded, or when the moon's rays are shining brightly, can be seen bathers wending their way to the beach between the city and Cavite. It is at this hour one sees the humble life of Manila. It is at this hour that the rich are enjoying their evening rides: as the poor cannot afford the luxury of a carriage, they indulge in a bath. The waters of the ocean are free to all. A mile and a half from the city walls is a beautiful shingle beach, the water is just suited for bathing, and here night thousands congregate to dash in among the billows and sport in the surf. Here all are equal; here men and women, old, young, married and single, with no more clothes upon them than when they came in to the world, can be seen enjoying themselves, shouting and laughing, jumping and plunging, swimming and diving, and having a jolly good time of it. They do not conduct themselves any more indecorously than the bathers at Newport; yet they make a more liberal display of their persons. I visited this place one evening, and saw fully one thousand persons disporting in the water at one time, and all as happy as so many mermaids and mermaids—to which some of the fair ones appeared in a very allied, as they, with their dark hair flowing free and unconfined, floated upon the surface of the silvery waves, or with musical laugh disappeared beneath the surface when seized by some companion, who had dived and seized them by the legs and pulled them down for the fun of the thing.

In Mount Pleasant, Iowa, there lives a man who never hesitates to tell a lie whenever it serves his purpose. At one time he joined the Church, but becoming a backslider soon after, the clergyman remonstrated with him, and alluded to the punishment he might expect to meet hereafter, unless he reformed.

"Why, Mr. Siffkin," the divine added, "you bear the reputation of being the greatest storyteller in the State."

"I know it," said the sinner—"I know that I am a great liar, but I can't help telling lies. I've shed barrels and barrels of tears because nature so shop-d my mouth, so that it's never easy except when telling monstrous whoppers."





THE LATE HON. DAVID TOD, OF OHIO.

**The Late Hon. David Tod, of Ohio.**

THE Hon. David Tod, ex-Governor of Ohio, died very suddenly at his home in Youngstown, Mahoning county, Ohio, on Friday morning, November 19th, aged sixty-three years. Ex-Governor Tod was born in Youngstown, February 21st, 1805, his father, the Hon. George Tod, having been one of the early pioneers who settled the Western Reserve. He received but little school education, but his home instruction appears to have been of the most thorough and valuable character. He was admitted to the Bar at the age of twenty-two, and continued in the practice of his profession at Warren for more than fifteen years, establishing for himself an enviable reputation as a criminal lawyer.

He entered the political arena early in life, and acted, in the first years of his political career with the Democratic party. He was elected to the State Senate in 1838, over his Whig competitor, and in 1840 took the stump for Martin Van Buren, and was soon noted as among the prominent orators of the State. In 1847 President Polk tendered him the appointment of Minister to Brazil, which was entirely unsolicited. This position he accepted and held until the summer of 1852, a period of nearly five years. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Charleston convention. He was chosen first Vice-President of the body, and when at Baltimore nearly the entire Southern wing of the party withdrew, he became the presiding officer. Before and after the Peace Congress at Washington he advocated with much warmth the peace measures; but as soon as the flag was shot down at Sumter he was among the first public men of the State who took the stump and supported the doctrine of war until every rebel was cut off or made to surrender.

In 1861 he was elected Governor of Ohio by the Republicans and War Democrats. He was at the head of the State in the darkest hours through which she passed. He left her affairs in good order, her contributions to the nation fully made up, her duties to her soldiers jealously watched, and her honor untarnished.

[Our series of portraits of the Judiciary of New York, commencing in our last number with the portrait of Judge George G. Barnard, will be continued from week to week.]

**HON. DANIEL P. INGRAHAM, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York.**

JUDGE INGRAHAM is the Nestor of the State Judiciary, having served on the Bench continuously for a period of thirty years. Although he exhibits no signs of mental or physical decay, he must be in the neighborhood of seventy years of age, as we find in the catalogue of Columbia College that he graduated at that institution in 1817, when, probably, about eighteen years old.

He was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas in 1838, and at the election following the adoption of the Constitution of 1846 was elected to the same position. In

1851 he was re-elected for the term of six years. Upon the retirement of Judge Usher, in 1859, Judge Ingraham was appointed by his colleagues First Judge of the Court.

In 1857 he was elected Justice of the Supreme Court for the First Judicial District, comprising the City of New York, and upon the expiration of the term of eight years, was, in 1865, re-elected for another term.

In 1860, his *Alma Mater*, Columbia College, conferred

upon him the well-deserved compliment of the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Judge Ingraham is recognized by the Bar as a model of a Judge in the most important points which go to make up the judicial character. It is difficult to give such a description of him as would enable the reader to form a correct appreciation of him, for the reason that his mind is so well balanced, his manners and conduct so unobtrusive and unexceptionable, his judicial

career so prudent and free from anything like display or sensation, that there is scarcely a salient point in his character left for criticism. While his friends will scarcely claim for him brilliancy, the Bar and the public unanimously pronounce him a safe Judge. Always a consistent member of the Democratic party and active in its support, even the most bitter political opponent has been unable to find anything in his judicial action upon which to comment unfavorably. If, as has

been argued, our vices are only virtues in excess, it may well be doubted whether this prudence which is invariably displayed by Judge Ingraham may not be regarded as a fault to a certain extent. He scents an embarrassing case from afar, and acts accordingly. Although he does as much work as any of his colleagues, it is a somewhat remarkable fact that he is never on the Bench when any question of great public interest comes up in his Court. Of course he may sometimes be compelled to pass upon such questions on appeal, but who ever heard of his granting an injunction or mandamus in such a case as the Erie Railroad war, or in favor of a liquor dealer against the Excise Commission? In any such case, it is well known that his cautious nature will lead him to substitute an order to show cause, in place of a peremptory writ, or to make such alterations in it as will make it practically useless to the applicant; and when any such matter comes up for argument, any appointment of commissioners on street openings, any taxation of costs in those matters, or in fact any matter which might call forth comments from the press, it will be found that some other Judge is sitting at the Chambers or Special Term. Whether this is the result of accident or design it is impossible to say.

As long as such men as Judge Ingraham are elected to the high judicial positions, there will be no good cause of complaint against the elective system.

WHEN Disraeli was playing the agreeable to Victoria and the royal family at Balmoral, he, as in duty bound, went to church. In the Scotch church the collection is still made with the "ladle," a system which is perhaps opposed to voluntary contributions, and gives rather a practical turn to benevolence. Mr. Disraeli, unaware of this, and being wrapped up in meditations on the connections between the Church and State, appeared to have nothing wherewith to support the establishment. This being noticed by one of the ladies of the Court, who sat next to him, she very readily offered him a coin. The great man now understood what was required of him, and refusing the coin, began fumbling in all his pockets for his purse, which he at last found, and from it extracted a donation. By this time, however, the ladle was on its way down the seat again; but with that ingenuousness for which Mr. Disraeli is remarkable, he handed the money to his neighbor, who, in turn, handed it on, in the hope of reaching the retreating money-box. Along one seat it went, up another, down the next, but without success; and the last holder, seeing the hopelessness of the pursuit, returned it to him who gave it. Back it came slowly along its way until it reached the Premier, who up to this time had remained unconscious of its fate. When it was handed him, he looked at the coin for a moment, coolly put it back into his purse and pocketed the money.



HON. DANIEL P. INGRAHAM, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT, OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.



HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

HOME INCIDENTS.  
A Canine Aeronaut.

At Memphis, Tenn., on the morning of November 4th, a little dog went up in a big balloon in company with Professor Brooks, the aeronaut. The little dog's name was Joey, and his descent from the clouds, which, like



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his ascent, was entirely without his consent and approbation, was in a style unprecedented in aerial navigation. The machine which was intended to graduate his descent so that he should alight as gently as the "foot of time that only treads on flowers," was an umbrella, properly strengthened and arranged to open immediately on being cut loose by the outward pressure



A TELEGRAPH ADVENTURE.

aided in breaking the shock. The gentleman had heard that it sometimes rained cats and dogs, and looking up to discover what sort of clouds were above him, saw the balloon, looking no bigger than a football, and soaring away at a vast height, like a hawk that had dropped his prey. Joey was soon afterward picked up by Mr. A. P. Lowry, who carefully attended to his wants



GRANT IN THE CLUTCHES OF AN OFFICE SEEKER.

brought him to town and delivered him to his owner, who gladly paid the reward of \$20 he had offered for his recovery.

Another Fatal Ferry Accident.

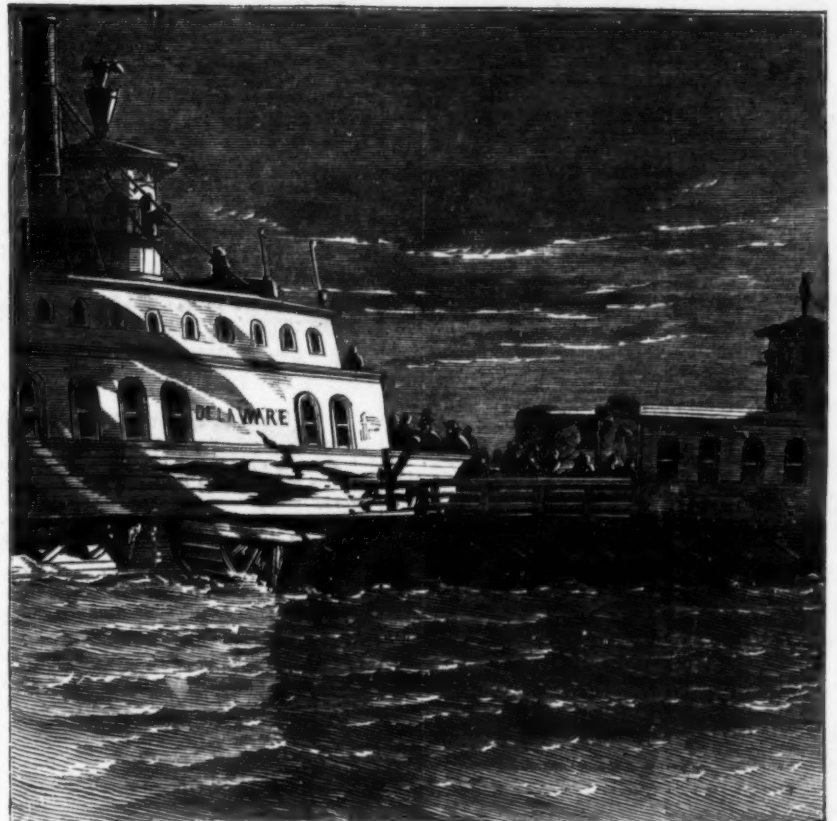
The fatal collision at the Fulton Street Slip of the Union Ferry Company seems to have inaugurated an



FATAL ACCIDENT AT BARCLAY STREET FERRY, NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 15TH.

of the atmosphere. It is stated that, just before the balloon started, a drunken fellow tampered with the parachute, and although requested not to meddle with it, managed, after the professor had entered the car, to close the spring of the umbrella. The consequence of this act was rather frightful to the canine passenger, who had protested, as well as he could, against going up at all. When at an altitude of nearly two miles, the parachute was cut loose, and down went Joey toward

the "internal centre," with the combined speed of rockets, racehorses, cannon-balls, etc., and was quickly lost to the view of his down-gazing and pitying fellow-passengers. Relieved of even this small weight, the air-ship shot upward more than a thousand feet with amazing velocity. In its descent the parachute swayed to and fro, and whenever it assumed a vertical position it became partially inflated, and but for that unfortunate spring would have spread itself splendidly, and



COLLISION BETWEEN THE FERRYBOATS WEEHAWKEN AND DELAWARE, HUDSON RIVER, NOV. 18TH.

landed Joey softly as a mother deposits her baby in the cradle. As it was, the resistance afforded by the occasionally half-inflated parachute broke the terrible fall sufficiently to save Joey from being altogether reduced to jelly. A gentleman passing, heard a strange rushing sound, and saw something fall near him in a sage field by the roadside. Upon examination it proved to be a little dog fastened to an umbrella with a broken handle, and it is supposed that the handle struck first, and thus

ers of ferry accidents. On the night of November 15th, a young man named James Barrow, of Troy, N. Y., was crushed between the boat and the bridge at the Barclay Street Ferry, New York city, and instantly killed. Thomas Downey, a companion of deceased, states that the boat gave a sudden lurch, and, looking round and seeing Barrow between the boat and the bridge, he jumped forward and caught the falling man by the collar of his coat. (The order was given to back the boat,

SCENES AT THE BURNING OF FOREPAUGH'S MENAGERIE, PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1868.



ESCAPE OF A BENGAL TIGER.



THE TIGER IN A DOCTOR'S DINING-ROOM.



THE LEOPARD AND THE LADIES.



CATCHING THE LION.



HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

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but too late. Downey was forced to release his hold, and De-row fell into the water, dead, and shockingly mangled.

#### A Telegraph Adventure.

The Journal of the Telegraph has the following story, related by one of its correspondents, and illustrated as one of our Home Incidents: "In the month of April, 1867, a fearful gale sprang up one Sunday night, which prostrated the telegraph wires between Portland and Bangor in a most discouraging manner. Taking some men with the necessary materials, I started from Bangor on the early train, dropping a man at the stations as we went along, to foot it back and mend the break. I saw some fifty breaks within seventy-five miles, besides some numerous crosses and trees on the wires. When I arrived at Lewiston, something over one hundred miles from Bangor, I ran to the office, and found it was O. K. to Portland. I at once telegraphed rearman Pierre to take the train and go through to Waterville without stopping, and I would meet him on his arrival there. This Pierre was a model repairman—always ready and willing, and not only anxious to do two men's work in a day, but generally did it. I had just time to jump on a freight going east; and, as luck would have it, business was light that week on the road, and I pressed the conductor and engineer into service. They stopped at every break and helped me repair, and, when the regular passenger train overtook us near Waterville, I jumped on board, and in a few moments found the wires were O. K. to Waterville. As soon as possible I obtained a hand-car, and hired a couple of Frenchmen to propel it, started with Pierre for a night 'raid.' It happened to be a bright moonlight night, the only one during that whole moon. About midnight we were between Clinton and Burnham. The Frenchmen were clearing a heavy tree from the wires, and Pierre was some distance in advance, on the top of a pole. I was near by, endeavoring to extricate the wire from a mass of roots in which it had become entangled, when I was startled by a cracking in the woods, like the stealthy tread of some heavy animal on the dry twigs. Involuntarily grasping my hatchet, I stood with ears and eyes wide open, and as I peered around I caught sight of what seemed to my excited imagination to be two black bears slowly and cautiously appearing above the clump. I thought to myself, 'Here is a situation for the father of a family!' It was of no use to run, for, as it appeared to me then, there was the bare (hair) fact of eight legs against two: but as the black heads emerged and their bodies came into view, I saw that they were not bears at all, but two good-sized boys. The next instant I was horrified by seeing them raise their guns and take deliberate aim at Pierre, who was away upon the pole, quietly attending to his business, and utterly unconscious of the danger which menaced him. Like lightning it flashed into my mind that they took him for a bear, and I gave a yell which must have astonished all who heard it. It had the desired effect, however, and I came out of the wood and explained to the boys that it was not more nor less than a 'human' up that pole, and that I objected to their giving him a double dose of blue pills, as I didn't think his diaphragm would stand it. Pierre was in a high state of wrath when he discovered how near he had come to having his connection broken, and he delivered a small speech from his cedar pulpit, which was anything but complimentary to the moonlight hunters. He advised them to go back to their muskrat hunting, and not attempt to shoot bears with homeopathic pills. The boys apologized to the best of their ability, and fled. It was a narrow escape, but we could not stop to moralize. We kept on with our work, and made twenty miles that night, removing some fifty trees from the wires, and mending numerous breaks. At half-past 10 A. M. we had the satisfaction of feeling the current both ways, and knowing that the wires were in working condition again."

#### Still Another Ferry Accident.

As the ferryboat Weehawken, running on the Hoboken line, was crossing to the New York side, at about five o'clock on Wednesday morning, November 18th, she was run into by the Pavonia ferryboat Delaware. A portion of the railing and the ladies' cabin of the Weehawken was torn away, and one of the paddle-boxes of the Delaware was demolished. At the time of the collision it was quite dark, and a very heavy fog prevailed. Owing to the very early hour, there were fortunately but few passengers on board the boats, or there would probably have been another list of killed and wounded to record.

#### Grant in the Clutches of an Office-seeker.

At the Harrisburg depot, while General Grant was on his way from Gettysburg to Washington, an irrepressible office-seeker, in his eager desire to impress the President-elect with the strength of his friendship and admiration, came to the general's hand till after the train had started. With the tenacity of a political aspirant he retained his hold at the risk of dragging our future Chief Magistrate from the platform, and was only prevailed upon to loosen his grasp by the application of a smart blow on the arm by one of the staff-officers present.

#### Scene at the Burning of Forepaugh's Menagerie, Philadelphia, Pa., November 14th.

The large structure near the junction of Ridge avenue and Jefferson street, Philadelphia, occupied by Adam Forepaugh for wintering the animals comprising his menagerie, was destroyed by fire on the evening of the 14th November. The flames spread rapidly, and the fury went up to save the animals, and the firemen plied in, regardless of consequences. The animals, when the flames came in such proximity, were frantic, the additional excitement, added to the noise, becoming almost unbearable. The dens were seized by the firemen, and they moved them away as though they were solid structures. The consequence was that some of the bars became displaced, and the animals, seeing a chance for escape, lost no time in availing themselves of it. Some of the scenes, more comical than terrible, attending the escape of the frightened beasts, are represented among our pictures of Home Incidents. A Bengal tiger effected its release by the breaking of a plank in its den, and started up Ridge avenue, the crowd making frantic efforts to withdraw from its vicinity. The animal jumped over a fence and entered the dining-room of a physician's residence. It was afterward captured in the stable. At twenty-third and Jefferson streets something walked up the steps of a residence where three ladies were standing looking at the fire. One of them, thinking the thing was a dog, kicked at it, but the thing would not be driven off that way, and walked into the house, the ladies making room for it when they found it would not be kicked away. A man suddenly dashed by the ladies and into the house, where he found the thing he was in search of—a Brazilian tiger—in the kitchen, amusing itself with a cat. Whether his tiger-ship was playing around the cat until it recovered its breath after its excitement,

and then intended to devour it, does not transpire, for the man suddenly threw a carpet over the animal and bore it off in triumph. The lady who kicked at the tiger, of course fainted at the brave act she had so thoughtlessly committed. Most of the animals that escaped were recaptured by means of nets provided for the purpose, and secured in new quarters without having done any serious mischief.

#### SPAIN.

THE following verses in Mr. Bryant's best vein were written in October, 1867, about a twelvemonth before the overthrow of the reign of the Bourbons in Spain, and were published about the same time. One part of the prediction they contain has been fulfilled—the downfall of the late tyrannical government—and it remains to see whether an era of rational liberty and enlightened legislation will succeed it:

Hasten the impatient years,  
O Time! and yoke them to the imperial car;  
For, through a mist of tears,  
The brighter day appears,  
Whose early dawns tinge the hills afar.

A brighter day for thee,  
O realm! whose glorious fields are spread between  
The dark, blue Midland sea  
And that immensity  
Of western waters which once hailed thee queen!

The fiery couriers fling  
Their necks aloft, and snuff the morning wind,  
Till the fleet moments bring  
The expected sign to spring  
Along their path, and leave these glooms behind.

Yoke them, and yield the reins  
To Spain, and lead her to the lofty seat;  
But, ere she mount, the chains  
Whose cruel strength constrains  
Her limbs must fall in fragments at her feet.

A tyrant brood have wound  
About her helpless limbs the steely braid,  
And toward a gulf profound  
They drag her, ragged and bound,  
Down among dead men's bones, and frost and shade.

O Spain! thou wert of yore  
The wonder of the realms; in prouder years  
Thy haughty forehead wore  
What it shall wear no more,  
The diadem of both the hemispheres.

To thee the ancient Deep  
Revealed his pleasant, undiscovered lands;  
From mines where jewels sleep,  
Tiled plains and vine-clad steep,  
Earth's richest spoil was offered to thy hands.

Yet then, when land and sea  
Sent thee their tribute with each rolling wave,  
And kingdoms crouched to thee,  
Wert false to Liberty,  
And therefore art thou now a shackled slave.

With thou not, yet again,  
Put forth the sleeping strength that in thee lies,  
And snap the shameful chain,  
And force that tyrant train  
To flee before the anger in thine eyes?

Then shall the harness'd years  
Sweep onward with thee to that glorious height  
Which even now appears  
Be girt through the midst of tears,  
The dwelling-place of Liberty and Light.

#### Young Girls Bent on Destruction.

The Troy (N. Y.) Times tells these stories: "Within a short time the police have become acquainted with the facts connected with the abandonment by three young girls of their homes. In one instance the father, an Albanian, came to this city, and finding his daughter, prevailed upon her to accompany him home. She remained there, however, but a short time, when she again deserted her family."

"A second case was that of a young girl, also an Albanian, who came to this city and was admitted into a house of improper character only after she had brought from her mother a written document stating that she had abandoned her and had no objection to her leading a life of shame. The paper was probably a forgery. Last night, in a cell of one of the station-houses of the city, a very beautiful girl, only seventeen years of age, was confined for having deserted her mother and voluntarily entered upon a career of crime and dissipation. The mother had been in search of her for some weeks, and yesterday succeeded in finding her in a fashionable place of resort on Sixth street. The interview between the mother and daughter at the station was of a singular character. The daughter charged her fall upon the mother, saying that she had been driven to desperation by the unkind treatment of the parent, and declaring that she would never go home again to be subjected to persecution and outrage at her hands. It was evident, however, that a taste for dress—a desire to wear better clothes than her means would secure—had been the cause of her downfall, and subsequently she confessed as much. The young girl stated that the woman at whose house she was discovered and the ladies of the place had all urged her to go home and lead a pure life, and had pointed out to her the inevitable and certain end of the career upon which she was embarking, but that she had thought the matter all over, and had fully determined to continue on her course. A night passed in the coils of the station-house, however, gave the foolish girl time for reflection, and this morning she consented to return home with her mother."

THERE would be far more of mutual esteem and respect between the aristocracy and democracy did they know each other better.

POORLY EDUCATED.—The late bishop of Gloucester was once lamenting the neglect of education in his diocese, and remarked, with a significant expression:

"Our girls are poorly educated, but our boys will never find it out."

DEGENERACY.—There had been a carousing party at Col. Grant's, the late Lord Seafield, and two Highlanders were in attendance to carry the guests up-stairs, it being understood none could by other means arrive at their sleeping apartments.

One or two of the guests, however, were walking up-stairs and declined the proffered assistance. The attendants were utterly astonished, and indignantly exclaimed:

"Aigh, his sars changed times at Castle Grant, when gentlemen can go to bed on their ain feet."

SETTING UP AND SITTING DOWN.—Swift was one day in company with a young coxcomb, who, rising from his chair, said with a confident and conceited air:

"I would have you to know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit."

"Do you indeed?" replied the dean; "then take my advice, and sit down again."

THE suspicious mind will always find something on which to rest its doubts.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"SOWRY, do you love me any?"  
"Oh, don't I, though!"  
"What for?"

"Because you always bring me on my knees when you come to see Sister Jane. Give me some more."

"And what does Sister Jane love me for?"

"Oh, 'cause you take her to concerts, and give her so many nice things. She says, so long as you are fool enough to bring her shawls and bonnets, she won't sack you, no how. Now, give me some more candy."

A FELLOW in an oblivious state took up his lodgings on the sidewalk. He woke next morning, and stretched himself out, looked on the ground upon which he had made his couch, and said:

"Well, if I had a pickax I would take up my bed!"

A YOUNG lady whose sweetheart was serving in a South Carolina regiment during the rebellion, forwarded the following petition to Jeff Davis, for a furlough:

"DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I want you to let James Clancy, of Company 11th, 5th S. C. regiment, come home and get married. James is willin', I is willin', my mammy, she is willin', his mammy says she is willin', but James's captain, he ain't willin'. Now, when we're all willin', 'cap'n' James's captain, I think you might let us up and let James come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done got married, and fight just as hard as ever. Your affectionate friend, etc."

It is remarked, as a curious and historical fact, that during the reigns of the last four Popes who assumed the name of Pius, a French monarch has been uncrowned. Under the present Pope—the power of Louis Philippe, King Otho of Greece, King George of Hanover, and Queen Isabella of Spain, has been taken away, and President Lincoln, Maximilian of Mexico, and Prince Michael of Servia have met with violent deaths.

A BOX at Lisbon, Maine, fired a hay-mow, a few days ago, to "break up" a sitting hen. He was simply successful, destroying not only her nest, but barn, out-building, and house, leaving Deacon Jesse Tibbels, an elderly man, who owned the place, with nothing but his bare arm to commence life anew with.

MOCK TURTLE—Calling a husband "my dear" in public, and "you brute" in private.

FASHIONABLE ladies are like aristocratic houses—they have both high sloops.

BOARDING-HOUSE—Asylum for sour bread, vagrant hash, and homeless cockroaches.

IN the reign of Charles I., a Mayor of Norwich actually sent a fellow to prison for saying that the Prince of Wales was born without a shirt.

THE report of the committee on swine at the Hubbardstown (Mass.) town cattle show was as follows:

"No swine to-day, not even one;  
We know not what it means;  
We hope that those who slight these shows  
Will get no pork and beans!  
No swine to-day—oh, what a pity!  
And five old men on the committee!"

AT one of the Ragged Schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the question:

"What is holiness?"  
A poor Irish convert, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up, and said:

"Place your riverence! It's to be done inside."

THE passion of the French for theatrical amusements, and the patience with which they will wait at the door of theatres for the sake of obtaining a good seat, is illustrated by the following incident: At a crowded theatre, a woman fell from the gallery into the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured.

"Much injured!" exclaimed she; "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

"Is THAT p-p-p-parrot for sale?"

"Yes."  
"How m-m-much?"  
"Seven dollars," was the response.  
"C-c-c-can it s-s-s-speak?"  
"Yes," said the fellow, "a darned sight better than you can, or I'd chop his head off."

A BACKWOODS clergyman having alluded to an anchor in his discourse, described its use in the following lucid manner: "An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and when a storm arises, they take it on shore and fasten it to a tree, and that holds the ship till the storm blows over."

"How late is it, Tom?"  
"Look at boss and see if he's drunk; if he ain't, it can't be much after eleven."  
"Does he keep good time?"  
"S'posidid they regulate the town clock by his nose."

A GENTLEMAN dined with a friend one day, and above he heard sobbing and crying:

He inquired of his friend, in an anxious way,  
If there was any one sick or dying.

"Oh, no," he replied, and smiling his best,  
While they were discussing the ice,  
"I've just refused Heien a new silk dress,  
And produced a financial cry—sis."

THE advice given by an Irishman to his English friend, on introducing him to a regular Tipperary row, was:

"Whenever you see a head, hit it!"

"MART," said an old Cumberland farmer to his daughter, when she was once asking him to buy her a new dress, "why dost thou always tease me about such things, when I am quietly smoking my pipe?"

"Because ye are always best temper then, sayther," was the reply.

"I believe, lass, thou'rt rect," rejoined the farmer, "for when I was a lad, I remember that my poor father was just the same; after he had smoked a pipe or two, he wed his g'ien his head away if it had been loose."

TO no the thing properly in New York at a wedding, the bride must have eight bridesmaids, and a hundred dollar poodle, besides the one she marries.

AT a parish church in Essex county, N. J. lately, the clerk calling, as usual, asked his friend, a railroad brakeman, to take his place for a Sunday.

He did so, but, being worn out with night-work, fell asleep. When the hymn was announced a neighbor gave him a nudge, upon which he started up, rubbed his eyes, and called out, "All aboard for Newark, Elizabeth, Norway, and Squaw Hollow!"

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Mrs. General Grant's Opinion.

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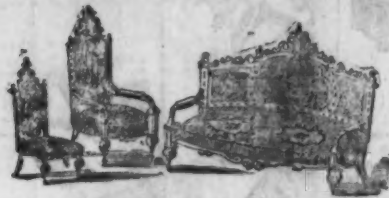
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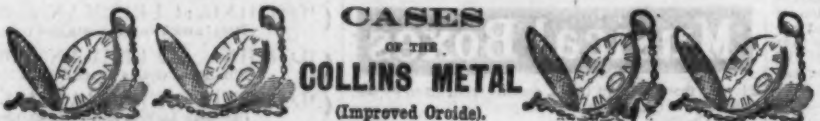
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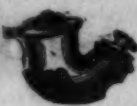


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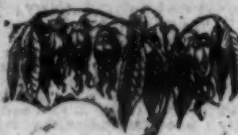
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